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The Week

WHILE King George of England lay mortally ill at Sandringham House, his Foreign Minister, Captain Anthony Eden, departed for Geneva for a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. This was the session that theoretically might impose oil sanctions on Italy, but as the meeting opened the indications were that the Council would pay only lip service to increased sanctions and meanwhile the behind-the-scenes negotiations for a face-saving settlement favorable to Italy would continue. The premature start of the rainy season in Ethiopia slowed down the already feeble Italian advance and practically eliminated any possibility of any quick military solution by the Italian armies. Premier Laval of France was faced with the seemingly inevitable downfall of his Cabinet upon his return from Geneva. Édouard Herriot, president of the Radical Socialists, the largest political party in France, by Edouard Daladier, leader of the left-wing elements within the party, and six Radical Socialist Ministers were instructed by the party to resign from the Cabinet. Japan's withdrawal from the London Naval Conference, which followed the unanimous rejection of her proposal for parity in terms of a "common upper limit," left the surviving nations going through the motions of trying to arrange for public declaration of building programs and brought on a very real possibility of a worldwide naval-building race. Meanwhile armed clashes along the border of Outer Mongolia, and the Soviet Union's announcement that its standing army now numbered 1,300,000 men, emphasized the danger of war in the Far East.

HEARINGS before the Senate Munitions Committee in Washington were suspended as the Committee neared the end of its appropriation and a powerful senatorial group, led by Senator Glass of Virginia, bitterly denounced the alleged besmirching of the memory of President Wilson and threatened to block any further appropriations. Administration leaders busied themselves with fashioning a substitute for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration under the terms of the Soil Conservation Act of 1935, and meanwhile the expected Supreme Court decision on the constitutionality of the Tennessee Valley Authority was deferred for at least two weeks. President Roosevelt made two speeches over the week-end. In Newark he said the country would be grateful for the much ridiculed "boondoggling" if it got us out of the depression, and in dedicating the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial in New York City he stressed the trust-busting and anti-monopolistic activities of his cousin and predecessor. Relief was manifested at news of the finding, alive and well, of the American explorer, Lincoln Ellsworth, who had started out on November 23 with Hubert Hollick-Kenyon on a flight across Antarctica and had been unreported since that time. The fliers had completed their journey and were safely established in Commander Byrd's camp at Little America, but their radio was out of commission and they were unable to com-

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INESCAPABLE is the symbolism in the deaths of Rudyard Kipling and of King George V within the same week. In truth, the captains and the kings depart, and the great line of British imperialism enters remorselessly into its sunset phase. George, son of Albert and Alexandra, grandson of Victoria, inheritor of the works of Nelson, Palmerston, Disraeli and of unnumbered others, civil and military, ruler of one-quarter of the earth's surface and one-quarter of its people, headed his family and his empire with a simple dignity that earned, as well as received, the world's respect. Psychologists may speak casually of the father-image and students of political economy may rightly point out that the great prestige of the British throne was used to bolster a system of gross inequality and injustice, the weight of the crown always passively and often actively on the side of the owning classes. And yet George, who neither created nor betrayed the system into which he was born, remained for the common Briton a symbol of those enduring bourgeois virtues of simplicity, courage and steadfastness upon which the Englishman liked to believe the greatness of his empire was founded. George leaves that empire now as it stands in danger of embroilment in a seemingly inevitable European war, carrying the possible aftermath of breakdown and a sharp and bloody realignment of classes. Fittingly the throne passes to a restless, bachelor scion of our chaotic post-war age.

RUDYARD KIPLING was two kinds of a British imperialist. During his youth he was a democratic, demagogic, petty-bourgeois imperialist, celebrating the hardships and triumphs of the common man—the ranker in Her Majesty's forces, the Cockney official stationed at the edge of the jungle and trying to bear on his weak shoulders the whole burden of empire. During middle age he was a High Tory, whole-hog imperialist, celebrating the virtues of the ruling class throughout the ages. The difference is hard to explain in these days when all the imperialisms are lumped together, but the Athenians would have had a word for it: they would have said that the little man with the big eyebrows had passed over from the party of Cleon the tanner to that of Nicias the landowner. Cleon-Kipling became the most famous writer in his world, but he also offended the British royal family to such a degree that Nicias-Kipling never received official honors. Most people thought it was because of his poem "The Widow of Windsor." Kipling himself believed that his failure to be knighted or named poet laureate was due to his authorship of a still more rousing ballad, "The Bastard King of England," never published but repeated orally until it is now being sung all over the world wherever half a dozen gents get drunk together. In any case, knight or commoner, Nicias-Kipling was the official poet of the British ruling caste. His success cut him off from the humfailing of his literary powers, was probably the reason for his near-silence during the last twenty years. When he had nothing more to say, he also had the very good sense not to say it.

AFTER four months of bitter struggle, the strike at Consumers' Research has been called off. No other choice was left the forty striking employees, who were locked out after their union, the Technical, Editorial and Office Assistants' Union of the A.F. of L., had attempted to bargain collectively with the management. The directors of CR had not only refused to entertain any proposals for arbitration, but had obtained an injunction against picketing which led to the arrests of many strikers. An investigating committee, headed by the Reverend Reinhold Niebuhr, reported that the responsibility for the prolonged dispute rested "chiefly upon the management [of CR] for aggravating a situation which in the early days it could have avoided and later could have cured by accepting some form of mediation or arbitration." Consumers' Research was later charged with unfair labor practices in hearings before the National Labor Relations Board. The strikers are now asking subscribers who believe that white-collar workers should have the right to organize to cancel their subscriptions; they are seeking also to have CR placed on the "unfair-to-labor" list of the American Federation of Labor. Needless to say, the strike remains a blot on the record of an organization which should have been the first to recognize that the interests of labor and the consumer are one.

YIELDING to some of the most shameless and unabashed pressure-lobbying in Washington's by no means innocent history, the Senate adopted the "baby bond" proposal for immediate cash payment of the veterans' bonus. The measure then went to the House where it has every chance of passage. Should the President veto the bill, it is almost certain to become law anyway, for overwhelming majorities in both branches of Congress stand ready —in this election year—to pass the bill over the presidential veto. Many Senators who courageously opposed the bonus payment in previous sessions have favored passage this time on the weak grounds that it will "get the question out of politics." It will, of course, get the question out of politics, only to make room for the even larger question of permanent pensions for the veterans. On such reasoning and in such an atmosphere is the country being obligated to make a payment of an estimated total of $2,600,000,000 in denominations of $50 bonds that may be cashed immediately or held for interest at a rate of three percent annually until the normal maturity of the adjusted-compensation certificates in 1945. A striking factor in the psychology of the current situation is the influence of the Townsend Plan advocates. In the face of the astronomical

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many persons positively modest. What The New Republic most objects to is not the government's spending of large sums of money, if enough is spent to restore some measure of prosperity. The real objection to the veterans' bonus is the venal shoveling out of large sums of money to a particular group merely because that group is in a position to exert political pressure, rather than apportioning the money among the citizens of the United States on the basis of real need.

WITH stern mandate, the Supreme Court has ordered the government to refund the $200,000,000 of processing taxes impounded while the constitutionality of the A.A.A. was in process of being adjudicated. Naturally, the administration did not want to give up this sum, loss of which makes the budget problem even graver than it was before. But the packers, the millers, the textile mills and others who are to receive this refund never, for the most part, really paid it. They either passed it on to consumers in higher prices or back to the farmers in lower ones. Really it is a bonus to profit-making industry. Those who actually paid it will never see it again. On the contrary, they are likely to have to pay it all over again in the form of higher taxes.

HELL has broken loose again in Arkansas. While the article by John Herling which appears in this issue was in type awaiting publication, news came of further action by "vigilantes"—for which read well-to-do landowners and their friends. Two Negroes were wounded by gunfire; Howard Kester, a leader of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, narrowly escaped a lynching, after being dragged from a church near Earle, Arkansas, where he was addressing a union meeting of 500 Negro and white sharecroppers. More than one hundred persons, including twenty-eight children, were evicted from their homes by planters and left helpless on the highway —and it is cold in the dead of winter in Arkansas. There can be no doubt that this renewal of violence came as a direct answer to the conference of the S.T.F.U. which Mr. Herling describes. It is now obvious that the state authorities of Arkansas are either unable or unwilling, and probably both, to protect the sharecroppers and tenant farmers. President Roosevelt, of course, could do a great deal in this direction by exerting pressure in the right quarter, since he is the leader of the Democratic Party, which holds Arkansas in its grip. Will he do so? Surely he cannot approve of the sort of thing that is happening to American citizens in that state.

SINCE the Fascist dictatorship was established in the United States in October, 1938, conditions in American universities have been deplorable in the extreme. Many leading American scholars were ing in all universities has been "coördinated" and placed under rigid control of the centralized government. Not one moment's instruction may be given in any subject except along the lines authorized by the government. Such conditions, of course, are unendurable to all honest scholars. It is interesting to note, therefore, that a group of American professors, suffering exile voluntary or enforced, have banded together in Buenos Ayres and established there the only honest American university that exists anywhere in the world today. Their candle, steadfastly burning, throws a mighty and scorching light upon the fatherland they have been forced to leave. —The foregoing remarks, the reader may have observed, are premature to say the least. These things have not happened in the United States—at least, not yet. What we have said, however, does accurately describe the conditions under which the University in Exile was established by a group of German scholars in New York City. With the able and indefatigable assistance of Dr. Alvin Johnson, of the New School for Social Research, this university has launched upon a successful career and last week celebrated its second birthday. May it have many more!—or at any rate, may it survive until a restoration of civilized conditions makes it possible for the members of this faculty to return to their native land.

IN THE New Republic of December 18, 1935, we summarized the charges made regarding the wholesale deaths of tunnel workers at Gauley's Bridge, West Virginia, and said a congressional investigation was desirable to establish the facts. Such an investigation is now in progress, and the first week's testimony corroborates completely the charges made. Some 476 persons have died of silicosis, contracted from breathing the dust created because of drilling through silica rock without adequate safeguards. About 1,500 more are expected to die, the disease being slow but almost invariably fatal. The general testimony is to the effect that many, if not all, of these deaths would have been prevented if wet drilling and masks had been used. The tunnel operations were conducted by Rinehart and Dennis, contractors for the New-Kanawha Power Company. This is a subsidiary of the Electro-Metallurgical Company, which in turn is owned by the vast and powerful Union Carbide and Chemical Company. It is charged that the bodies of 169 dead workers were tossed into an open trench and covered with earth, without coffins or any sort of identification mark. About 60 percent of the total number of the men affected were Negroes. Not the least interesting aspect of the matter is the fact that many of the deaths took place a long time ago. The Union Carbide and Chemical Company was able to hush the story up for many months and to fight successfully in the courts against any sort of adequate remuneration to the victims' families. The more

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THE silver-buying policy of the United States government has come in for some sharp and well justified criticism of late. The present law was put through Congress by pressure from the silver-producing states, notably Nevada. It provides that the Treasury shall buy silver until one of two things has happened: either the price has reached $1.29 per ounce, or the amount of silver in the Treasury has become one-third as large as the amount of gold, making it 25 percent of our metallic reserve. We are a long way from reaching either of these aims: our gold reserve, thanks in large part to the devaluation of the dollar, is now in the neighborhood of ten billions, while we have bought only 700,000 ounces of silver at an average price of about 60 cents an ounce. Under the stimulus of the government policy, the price rose from 55 cents to 81, but has now broken badly since the Treasury suddenly stopped purchasing in London, and has gone down as low as 48.75 cents. It is argued that our purchases of silver abroad served as a substitute, to some degree, for imports of commodities, curtailed by the depression, but few people would maintain that this is an offset to the harm our policy has done. The greatest damage has been in China, which has been forced off the silver standard; the Americans who argued that raising the price of silver would benefit China overlooked the little fact that that country does not buy goods with silver, but silver with goods. The American policy has brought a temporary and artificial prosperity to the silver-producing states but this, also, has now been destroyed. Congress should repeal the law, about which the enigma remains as to why, except for political expediency, it was ever passed in the first place.

Will Roosevelt Be Reëlected?

WILL President Roosevelt be reëlected? This question can now be discussed on the basis of something more than conjecture. We have The Literary Digest straw ballot and the January poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion.

The Digest ballot, based on returns from nearly 2,000,000 voters, indicates a popular majority against the New Deal of 62.66 percent. It gives only twelve states to Roosevelt, leaving thirty-six against him. Of the twelve, all but Utah are in the Solid South or are border states like Kentucky and Tennessee. They have but 132 electoral votes against 399 for those in the opposition. If this ballot is a serious indication, it portends the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic Party next fall.

In the past, the Digest polls, gathered by the same method, have been remarkably good forecasts, and The New Republic has credited them as such, in advance of the event. The least that can be granted this one is that it shows a marked change of feeling since 1934, when there was a large popular election. The bitterness of the attack may create a anti-Roosevelt trend will be reversed before the tions. Nevertheless, there are certain grains of salt with which the present ballot ought to be taken as a prediction for the next election.

The largest doubt concerns the nature of the proposition put to the voters. It required simply a yes or no in answer to the question, "Do you NOW approve the acts and policies of the Roosevelt New Deal to date?" This is quite different from the usual straw ballot asking the voter to choose among specific candidates—including those of minor parties. None of the other candidates has been nominated; none of the platforms has been adopted. Suppose the electorate were asked to choose between President Roosevelt and Mr. Hoover. Or suppose the Republican candidate were some nonentity, campaigning on a negative or reactionary platform. This is what is likely to happen in fact. There is little doubt that in this case some of those who now vote No would choose Mr. Roosevelt as the lesser evil. Furthermore, the question failed to distinguish between those who do not like the New Deal because it is too progressive and those who do not like it because it has not gone far enough. Among these may be counted not only Socialists, Communists and Farmer-Laborites, but large numbers of unemployed who, though dissatisfied with their continued unemployment and the relief policies adopted, would prefer the existing situation to a return of Republican niggardliness in relief. To them must be added the varied hordes of Townsendites, Coughlinites, Share-the-Wealthites, Epicites, who agree less with Republican policies than with those of the administration they condemn. If there had been a chance to vote for alternatives, Democratic weakness might not look so much like Republican strength.

The second doubt concerns the nature of the sample. It probably is overweighted with automobile owners and telephone subscribers. Something of the same sort has been true of former Digest polls, without substantially impairing their accuracy. If political opinion were divided about the same way in the higher as in the lower-income groups—as it has been in recent American history—the fault in the sample would not be serious. But if it is now true, as it well may be, that the unemployed, the wage-earners and the farmers are more likely to favor Roosevelt than the middle and upper-income classes, the sample may be statistically biased. Another possible indication of bias is that more people who voted Republican last time sent in their ballots than did those who voted Democratic; but we do not lay great stress on this, because it argues a lukewarmness on the part of the former Democratic voters that may keep them away from the polls. Correction for this bias does not in any case give President Roosevelt a majority.

The third doubt concerns the possibility that the

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campaign may change votes. All this may happen; but somehow we doubt that it will happen to such a degree as to make a great deal of difference in the result.

The method adopted by the Institute of Public Opinion is not open to most of the objections mentioned above. It did give people a chance to choose among Roosevelt, a Republican, and third parties. Though the sample is smaller, it probably is more accurate in weighting among various groups. It indicates that the President would now receive 53 percent of the vote going to the two major parties. It gives 26 states definitely to the Democrats, with 239 electoral votes, as against 7 definitely Republican, with 76 electoral votes. Five more states, with 39 electoral votes, are listed as borderline Democratic, 7, with 105 votes, as borderline Republican, and 3, with 72 votes, as squarely on the fence. If the Democrats keep the borderline Democratic states, Roosevelt will be reëlected, but by a small majority—25 electoral votes. Loss of three or four of these states would mean loss of the election. And, according to this poll, as well as that of The Literary Digest, Roosevelt's strength has been waning rapidly. He gained in popular votes slightly between December and January, but principally in Southern states, which are surely his anyway.

This poll also throws light on the cause of the New Deal's decline in popularity. Naturally the bombardments and submarine attacks of the reactionaries must have played a part. But in most of the states where this propaganda may be thought to have been most effective—those in the Northeast—the loss in percentage of popular vote suffered by the President since 1932 is measured by only a few points. In Massachusetts the loss is four points, in New Jersey five, in Connecticut three, in Pennsylvania two, in Michigan four, in Ohio three, even in Illinois only nine and in New York seven. Even in these states some of the decline must be attributed, not to the American Liberty League, the utilities and their allies, but to the disillusionment of industrial workers and the unemployed. But the big losses, in states where losses are likely to change the result, are in Wisconsin, with fifteen points, Minnesota, with eleven, South Dakota, with twelve, North Dakota, with fifteen. These are the progressive states, in which farmer-labor sentiment is strong. Some of the votes lost by Mr. Roosevelt have gone to a non-existent third-party candidate for the presidency. But most of them have just flopped over in disgust to the Republicans. One can be pretty sure that most of these deserting voters do not regard the present administration as being too radical.

This circumstance demands careful consideration by those interested in the new-party movement. ·ty tickets in Wiscon· ·ouing that there in the field all time, and to leave the American people as a

doubtedly they have also been influenced by the fact that two years ago the New Deal and the President were popular with the mass of their supporters, and they did not want to endanger their own strength by opposing him. But now the conditions have changed. According to the Digest poll, Mr. Roosevelt is likely to be defeated anyway. Even on the basis of the more favorable poll of the Institute of Public Opinion, he may quite possibly lose. And if he is defeated, it will be largely by those very voters who would rally to a new and better party, but who under the circumstances are likely either to stay at home on election day or to increase the Republican majority.

Is a Democratic administration so much better than a Republican that under these conditions the highly necessary beginning at a genuine labor party must be put off for another four years? American politics would certainly be confused, as it has been so many times in the past, if a Republican should be elected just because those who are disappointed with the New Deal have no other place to go. But if Roosevelt were obviously defeated because a substantial body of citizens, by joining a new party, gave testimony that he had not gone far enough, the political scene would be immensely clarified. The consequences would be almost entirely wholesome and encouraging. The experience of other nations shows us that even the most conservative parties will follow—even at some distance—the pace set by the radicals, if the latter are not afraid to assert themselves.

Hauptmann's Death Sentence

IF EVER any case demonstrated the unwisdom of capital punishment it is that of Bruno Hauptmann. While the evidence points overwhelmingly to his participation in the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby, this evidence is after all not entirely conclusive; no one can be sure that he did not have accomplices or that these accomplices may not have been even more directly responsible for the crime than himself. His trial was conducted in such an atmosphere of brutalized sensationalism that it necessarily became a travesty upon the processes of the law. It is hard to say whether the state of New Jersey or Hauptmann's attorneys committed a more appalling series of blunders. Because of its international aspect, the matter was political from the beginning and it has now become almost entirely so.

In all probability, Hauptmann will be put to death when his present reprieve has expired; no new evidence of any importance has been discovered, and it is unlikely that any will be, at least by those now engaged in studying the case. His death is likely to leave the mystery unsolved, perhaps for

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were commuted to life imprisonment his punishment, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge these matters, would be as great or greater than if he is executed; and it would then be possible at any time in the future to reopen the question if further developments made it desirable to do so.

It is worth recalling that experts in penology almost everywhere agree that the death sentence has no effect in curtailing crime. Most of the advanced nations of the world have abolished it, except in the case of treason. In the United States a number of the individual commonwealths have ended capital punishment and some of these, after a lapse of years, have restored it. In these states there is no correlation whatever between the homicide rate and the presence or absence of the ultimate penalty. That is to say, crimes of violence neither increase nor decrease when capital punishment is abolished or restored. It can be proved statistically that the only thing that affects the amount of homicide and other crime is improving the economic condition, and raising the general educational and cultural level, of the mass of the people.

Neutrality and Freedom of the Seas

THE NEUTRALITY bill was changed last week for the worse. A phrase stating that the United States "reserves and reaffirms its rights under international law as it existed prior to August 1, 1914," was moved from one section of the bill to another. In its new position, this phraseology preserves the right of the United States to make claims for damages at the conclusion of any war, in regard to interference during that war with American shipping. This would be true even though the shippers who had suffered interference had been warned that they were trading entirely at their own risk.

In other words, the Senate committee has returned to the doctrine of "freedom of the seas," the doctrine that played such a great part in bringing the United States into the War in 1917. Our so-called rights of this category were violated by the Allies from the beginning of the conflict, and caused violent objection by the American government. Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare violated these rights even more severely and helped bring about our declaration of war.

Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee have explained in defense of last week's change that it was made to satisfy Senators Borah and Johnson and that the Committee considers the alteration unimportant since it is unlikely ever to be used. We should like to register our strong disagreement with these optimistic spokesmen. Either the United States is trying to keep out of [illegible] shows—is to have the country involved in support of American traders who insist on maintaining their commerce despite war conditions. The notion that we could and would postpone our protests until the war was ended is a theory that would certainly break down in practice. The clause would also operate to encourage trade when the whole idea of the neutrality bill, as understood by the country, is that such trade is to be discouraged. We are not surprised to see Senator Johnson supporting a plan that greatly increases the danger of America's being dragged into war, but we admit we are startled to learn that Senator Borah holds these views when he has so often taken the opposite position. We rely upon the true friends of neutrality in the Senate to remove the war danger inserted in the bill by these two elderly and belligerent gentlemen, one of whom is nearly seventy and the other nearly seventy-one.

President Wilson Stops an Inquiry

THE CHARGE made by Senators Nye and Clark that President Wilson knew of the secret treaties among the Allies, and testified falsely on this subject after the War, has aroused a great storm in Congress. Senator Carter Glass, in particular, called Mr. Nye about all the names he could think of, though pretending to maintain the fiction of senatorial courtesy. As a result, there is grave danger that additional funds will not be voted for a continuance of the investigations by the Senate Munitions Committee, which happens, at the moment, to be out of money.

The first point to be made about this is that neither Senator Glass nor any of the other Democrats who rushed to the defense of President Wilson's memory knows what he is talking about. They haven't read the documents; if they had, they could not possibly maintain their point of view. It is no service to the memory of a dead friend to defend him without finding out the facts.

In the second place, Senator Glass and his group, assuming their sincerity, seem to us to do far more damage to President Wilson's reputation than do Senators Nye and Clark. The Glass view is, in substance, that Mr. Wilson deliberately took the United States into a European war without knowing whether a peace on any terms satisfactory to American public opinion was possible.

Third, it is a startling coincidence that this great storm about "insults to Mr. Wilson" should have come at the moment when the Nye committee was in the midst of an investigation of the wartime activities of J. P. M[illegible] vestigation has b[illegible] atives in gen[illegible]

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done much to prevent Congress from going "too far" toward regulation of banking in the general interest, also objected violently to the investigation by the Senate Finance Committee of the operations of American capitalism, for which Mr. Ferdinand Pecora was counsel. We do not accuse Mr. Glass of insincerity; we merely remark on the coincidence —a coincidence that must have been a lucky one not only for him but for some of the other gentlemen who have protested the Nye committee's charges.

Both Senator Glass and Senator Nye might have read the files of The New Republic to advantage, since the facts about President Wilson and the secret treaties were set forth in our columns some years ago. They are worth recalling. When President Wilson denied knowledge of the treaties, it will be remembered, his statement was greeted with astonishment. The existence of the treaties was known almost as soon as they were signed. Their terms had been public property for a year before the Armistice. Immediately after the Bolsheviks opened the Russian Foreign Office archives in November, 1917, the treaties appeared in Izvestia. They were published in The Manchester Guardian, and in three issues of The New York Evening Post. By the end of January, 1918, they were available in pamphlet form. It is barely possible that President Wilson thought the Senators were inquiring about the Shantung treaty, which he did not see until he got to Paris. But a month after his statement to the Senate committee he became ill, and no explanation or correction was possible. Indeed, his health may have been responsible for the statement.

Discussion of the mystery was resumed in February, 1922, when Mr. Ray Stannard Baker published the pertinent instalment of his volumes on "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement." This intimated that the President really was ignorant: that while he "must have known in general of these secret agreements," he "apparently made no attempt to secure any vital or comprehensive knowledge." Mr. Walter Lippmann then wrote a letter to The New Republic declaring that he personally knew that the documents relating to the treaties "passed through Colonel House's hands previous to the drafting of the Fourteen Points at the end of December, 1917"; and that he had been present when Secretary Lansing and a group discussed "the Pacific Treaty" in the spring of 1918. In a long letter Mr. Baker reasserted his belief that the President really had been ignorant.

Colonel House's papers, published in 1928, contained convincing evidence that as early as the spring of 1917 Balfour had given the details of at least certain of the secret treaties and that House and he had discussed them with the President. Indeed, Balfour, learning that the President had raised certain questions, wrote him a letter (Jan-

House nor the President thought that the treaties would be important. They hoped that vaguely phrased war aims and peace terms would be accepted as paramount to specific treaty provisions. Later they made no attempt to argue that the pre-armistice agreement must be morally if not legally binding on the victorious powers.

In 1919, Secretary Lansing told the Senate committee that the State Department had not been informed of the terms of the secret treaties. Later he appeared again before the Committee, said that the State Department files had been searched, reiterated the belief that his first knowledge of the Shantung agreement was in 1919, and seemed doubtful about the other treaties. Senate committees have certain advantages over private researchers. The Senators have inspected Secretary Lansing's diary, which was to remain locked for some years, and have had access to the unpublished State Department documents. Apparently the Secretary and the State Department did have knowledge of certain secret treaties. But it was not clear from the 1919 colloquy, and it is still not clear, whether the Secretary and the President thought that the Senators were inquiring about the Shantung treaty only, and not about the agreements relating to Europe. In his book Mr. Baker is inclined to blame the muddle on the State Department and its information service. Our diplomats "lacked a background of comprehension of the significance of the secret treaties." Comprehension was not made easier by the Wilson-House-Lansing division of responsibility.

So far as the Senate committee's investigation is concerned, Mr. Wilson's relation to the treaties is a minor matter of hardly any importance compared with the whole story of international banking and its relation to war. That story has not yet been told in full. If it cost the United States a hundred million dollars, and if it helped keep us out of another war, it would be the best investment the Senate had made in many a day; but actually, it will cost but a few thousands. The investigation should go on. The Senate should vote the necessary funds.

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The Constitution and the Future

With a Suggested Amendment

THE Supreme Court's decision invalidating the A.A.A. has added another significant item to the list of functions that neither the federal government *nor the states* can effectively exercise. These dual limitations have become so many and so serious that the old question of federal power versus states' rights has lost much of its meaning. What we face now, at numerous and critical points, is the question, not how governmental functions shall be shared, but whether in substance we shall govern at all.

In agriculture, for example, forty-eight separate legislatures cannot, as a practical matter (and perhaps cannot constitutionally), deal with a complex problem which cuts across state boundaries and is bound up with the tariff and foreign policies of the federal government. But the federal government cannot regulate production, and the Court has held that it cannot do so indirectly by purchasing the farmers' compliance under a voluntary scheme of regulation. Short of leveling tariffs and restoring a world market for our surpluses, for which we can scarcely hope for a long time to come, any substitute for the A.A.A., if one can constitutionally be devised, is bound to be a limping and makeshift expedient, which the government would never have proposed had it had a free choice of policy.

In the industrial field Congress cannot (except in respect to interstate carriers) regulate wages, hours, prices or (in all likelihood) labor relations; but, for practical purposes, neither can the states, save in isolated categories; for their industries compete with one another, and apart from these obstacles, which are controlling, there is much doubt under the due-process decisions as to how far the states can act. The possibility of negotiating interstate compacts in these clashing and controversial fields, on any significant scale, seems too remote for argument.

When we turn to social-security measures we learn from the courts that Congress cannot require even interstate carriers to adopt pension plans, because this is not a regulation of interstate commerce; and that the states cannot do so either, because they would then be interfering with interstate commerce. The recent attempt of Congress to attain its objects indirectly by taxing the carriers and providing its own pensions may come under the ban of the A.A.A. decision. In the case of other industries, social-security regulation by the states runs up against the stubborn competitive factor. [illegible] A.A. decision that part [illegible] insurance laws may well not survive. Similarly in the case of child labor the federal government cannot abolish it directly, or, as the Court has held, indirectly by taxing it out of existence or by barring the shipment across state lines of goods made by child labor. But, paradoxically, the states cannot, under the decisions, bar the shipment of such goods into their territories, even to protect local industries not using child labor, so that the problem is relegated for solution to a long and uncertain future.

With respect to the conservation and control of natural resources such as coal, oil and timber, it is clear that competitive considerations and local pressures will hinder and probably prevent any effective state action. But Congress cannot regulate the use of these resources, and under the A.A.A. decision it can hardly do so indirectly. So with soil erosion: Congress cannot regulate land use, and since it may not pay farmers to plough up land for the prevention of surpluses, it presumably may not pay them to plant grass for the prevention of erosion.

The power we need to make us masters in our own house is federal power. The maladies we suffer from are national in character, and they were utterly unknown and unforseeable a hundred and fifty years ago, when the limited prerogatives of Congress were laid down. We are confronted now by an increasing proportion of liquid and unstable wealth, subject to all the hazards of fradulent manipulation, of bank runs, failures and stock-market upsurges and collapses, which injure the entire country; a dominant and tariff-protected industry side by side with an unprotected agriculture whose depressed purchasing power affects a third of the people directly and all the rest indirectly; rigid prices and curtailed production controlled by great semi-monopolies beyond the reach of the anti-trust laws, side by side with the flexible prices and cut-throat competition of farmers and small-unit producers; an industrial plant which at its peak has never even approached capacity, side by side with millions of unemployed and tens of millions of underprivileged, whose consumptive wants have never remotely been satisfied; billions of savings chronically far in excess of productive reinvestment opportunities and circling in speculative exchanges, side by side with crime-breeding slums and a vast range of needed public works and services; rapidly disappearing and shockingly wasted natural resources; and accelerating soil erosion, with the chairman of the Mississippi Valley Committee

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These and other maladies are continental in their scope, their complexity and their effects. They are not likely, if history means anything, to cure themselves, for they were with us, growing and lightly disregarded, in the gay 20's, and before then. They cannot conceivably be dealt with by forty-eight uncoördinated legislatures. They require long-range national policies, and therefore an amendment to the Constitution, since the power is not there. What these policies should be, I do not pretend to know. They will have to be developed by the legislative process in the light of changing and unpredictable circumstances. The case for amending the Constitution does not depend upon producing in advance, which no one is competent to do, a blueprint of projected legislation. It depends simply on the fact that our national problems appear to have outrun our constitutional capacity to deal with them. Nor should the unfavorable outlook for obtaining an amendment in the near future foreclose discussion either of its desirability or its form, the more so since the vital question of form is a difficult one which ought to be thoroughly considered and debated, and the sooner the better.

In drafting an amendment we must choose among several courses. One would be to add specific items to the present enumeration of federal powers. If we did that, not only would we invite further difficulties of interpretation, but we might find before long that we had omitted things which should have been included. Another course would be to define interstate commerce as including the production (and not merely the transportation) of goods moving in or destined for such commerce: a definition for which there is some historical support. But legislation under an amendment of that sort would be difficult to enforce because its application to numerous producers would turn upon disputed factual questions; and it might also prove too limited, and unfair in its classification, since some producers would be covered, while others, competing with them, would not be. The only remaining course (apart from certain possible amendments which would probably be too detailed and inflexible for constitutional purposes) would be to grant general power to Congress to promote the economic welfare of the United States. I think that that is the course we should pursue. And, without any brief for the particular language, I suggest the following amendment as a basis for discussion:

> Congress shall have power to promote the economic welfare of the United States by such laws as in its judgment are appropriate, and to delegate such power in whole or in part to the states. Existing state powers are not affected by this Article, except as Congress may occupy a particular field.

Such an amendment would, of course, be subject to and limited by all the other parts of the Constitution, including the Fifth Amendment [illegible] prive no one of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or take private property for public use without just compensation. In the case of due process, however, I think that the right of Congress to regulate such matters as wages, hours, prices and production—rights that in part at least have been denied the states under the similar due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment—would be upheld as within the affirmative powers implied in the new grant. The due-process requirement would then be simply to this effect, that if Congress, for example, saw fit to enact minimum-wage legislation it could do so, provided the law was not arbitrary or unduly discriminatory in its application. There are some who would fear to leave even this much discretion to the judiciary; but, though the due-process clauses have at times been abused, they have at other times been a bulwark of protection to cherished liberties, and it would be extremely difficult to modify either of them, or to curtail the Court's right to construe them, without losing more than would be gained.

It will be noted that the suggested amendment authorizes Congress to delegate its power to the states. Because of the obvious objections to centralized administration, it would be desirable for Congress, wherever possible in enacting regulatory legislation, to lay down standards for the states to follow, permitting them to enact their own measures and to set up their own administration within the general framework and under the general rules established by Congress, and invoking federal authority only in those states which did not choose to act. I think that this desirable policy could and would, as a result of pressure from the states, be adopted as the rule rather than the exception. It has not been tried before with regulatory legislation (as distinguished from grants-in-aid, and except for parts of the Social Security Act that are of doubtful constitutionality) because Congress has never had authority to delegate any of its powers.

Those who fear that Congress, if given authority in the economic field, would invade the states' prerogatives at every turn, forget that local interests are always to the forefront in Congress; that, for example, before the Supreme Court voided the Recovery Act there was a mounting movement in Congress to let it die because of local dissatisfaction; and that, for another example, the state banking systems, which Congress has always had power to wipe out, have survived every effort to establish a unified national banking system.

But there are other fears that may hinder the grant of further power to Congress. Congress, it is said, is irresponsible; it yields to group pressures; if given the chance it will ruin the country. And so on. But is not this yielding, this irresponsibility, chiefly evidenced in the exercise of a power Congress has always enjoyed, namely, the handing out

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interests mobilized in opposition. And is the same thing true of regulatory powers, which are proposed to be enlarged? No, for there are always active interests mobilized in opposition. And these interests are rarely defeated except in response to an overwhelming public opinion, and not always then.

Again it is urged that we have no trained civil service competent to administer broad national legislation; and this, I think, is the most serious objection to enlarging the federal power. But we cannot wait forever; and if we can accomplish the difficult task of amending the Constitution, we ought to be able to accomplish the less difficult task of strengthening our civil service.

We have got to take some chances. If we go on as we are with a bottled-up government, the weakest in the civilized world, we run the risk of another and greater collapse leading quite possibly to dictatorship or disintegration. If we amend the Constitution, we run the risk of congressional mistakes, and an increased centralization distasteful to all of us. For myself, I think the greater risk is to go on as we are. I think we shall do better to trust our capacity for self-government and give ourselves, as every other democracy has done, power adequate to control our economic life and to meet whatever added strains and crises the future may produce.

LLOYD K. GARRISON.

Cuban Experience

The recent election in Cuba has left the virtual military dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista firmly in power. Dr. Miguel Gomez, the successful coalition candidate of the Republicans, Nationalists and Liberals, was opposed only by former President Mario Menocal representing the Democratic Party. Cubans of other parties charge that the election was a farce, that the United States is still the dominating force in Cuban affairs and that there is no immediate prospect that Batista's reign of terror (or that of some substitute dictator) will be ended or civil liberties restored. Mr. Solar's article describes present-day conditions in Cuba.—THE EDITORS.

IT IS not only the active revolutionary who suffers in Cuba. I can vouch for that fact. What is more, I can illustrate it by telling what happened to me last spring.

I was editor of a Havana newspaper printed in English. On the second of May, I was having a drink in a café in the business district of Havana. The place was crowded with its usual quota of business men, sugar brokers, lawyers and bankers. They were all talking, and I do not doubt that among them were government agents, listening, hoping to get wind of something.

I had been in the place about fifteen minutes when I heard a radio patrol car slow down at the Aguiar Street entrance. Everyone looked toward the door. Conversation stopped. Three men, each carrying a *vergajo*—which Habaneros know is a loaded leather quirt—walked solemnly in. I watched them, wondering whom they were after. I had seen this sort of thing before.

This time the three men ordered everyone to leave the café. It was, they said, illegal for more than three people to be gathered together in Havana. In a perfectly orderly manner the crowd left.

The police interpreted their ruling differently. One of them seized me by the coat lapel and, almost yanking me off my feet, told me to "get the hell out of there."

Taken by surprise, I shook myself free of the man and protested. Looking beyond his unresponsive face, I happened to glance at the mirror. I imagine that I may have looked startled, but it was not my own face that startled me. It was the image in the mirror of a Thompson sub-machine gun held within a few inches of the back of my skull. That made me think.

I realized that Lieutenant-Colonel José Pedraza Cabrera's men had begun to take a personal interest in me although I had no idea of the reason. I was not given much time to think the matter out. The man in front of me, realizing that I had caught sight of the machine gun, drew back his arm and before I knew it landed a right hook square on my mouth. I managed to take it standing up. The blood began to trickle from my lips. I felt a little dizzy. Through the street window I could see the men who had left the café standing, impassive, with a queer, frightened look on their faces. There were forty or more of them. They did not move. They simply stared at the window.

Three things happened, two of which they must have seen. One of the police shouted at me, "Get in that car, and make it snappy!" and as I did not move immediately, another man struck me a violent blow with his *vergajo,* which put one shoulder out of commission. As I was reeling from that blow, I felt another upon my head and, with bleeding scalp, collapsed on the floor.

When I came to I was sitting between two of Colonel Pedraza's police in the back seat of a radio patrol car. I was sitting because I could not fall. I could not raise my left arm to wipe the blood

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Out near La Lisa on an isolated road, the car stopped. My companions opened the door. "Now," they said, "you've got something to write a story about. Get out—beat it. Next time we get hold of you, you'll take a little trip to join Palomares and Dr. Garrido." (These were editors of the Havana papers El Mundo and La Voz. Both are now dead, as a result of their mistreatment by the Havana police.)

They shoved me out of the car. I could hardly stand. I imagine they thought I would die; others had. I did not die. I walked, almost insensible but able to stand. I don't know how far I went before I found someone who would drive me home.

When I got to my house I found my wife in a panic. Someone who had been at the café had telephoned her that the police had taken me for a ride. She had been making the rounds of the police stations trying to get some information. She dressed the wound in my head and bandaged my useless arm. I told her what had happened to me, although I could not tell her why.

"There are only two things to do," I said. "Either we print this whole story or give up publishing my paper entirely."

We chose the first. The paper appeared next morning carrying a banner head: "The City's Heroes—Radio Patrols." I sent the chief of police a complimentary copy. Two hours later the police arrived, but they didn't find me. They stopped my ticker service and picketed my office. They searched the city from the San Francisco Docks to La Playa, from the Malecón to La Vibora. They didn't find me. I was busy. Few people knew where I lived and I was not easy to identify because I wasn't known to any police except those who had picked me up in the café.

I had no intention of evading arrest ultimately. I was merely stalling while I arranged for someone else to carry on the paper. I even went so far as to write a letter to the police telling them that.

After five days they found out where I had gone. I came in and was told by my wife that a queer, shabby-looking man had been looking for me. I knew what that meant. I could, perhaps, have escaped over the roofs, but I had made up my mind not to. I waited.

In about ten minutes the shabby man appeared. He had one of Colonel Pedraza's policemen with him. There were a lot more outside.

The shabby man, with a gun in his hand, came into the house and told me that I was under arrest. As I had prepared for this occasion, I was not very troubled. I kissed my wife and the children and told them not to worry.

"I'll be out in no time," I said. I followed the shabby man to headquarters.

They put me in a cell which I thought was too small for one man. There was no furniture in it but a dirty, broken cot. There was no ventilation. The pain was too much for me. I staggered

By 9 o'clock I had four companions. Among them were Dr. Pepillo del Cueto, a lawyer and former congressman, and a Dr. Vidal. Dr. del Cueto was charged with owning a gun. Dr. Vidal had been arrested in court, where he had gone to post bail for a client. They said he was in contempt of court or something like that. They brought his client in with him.

We got neither food, water nor air. It was pretty bad. Lieutenant-Colonel Inspector Pedraza, twenty-eight-year-old chief of police, former military governor of Havana, who was supposed to decide our fate, was busy. He was playing poker and could not be disturbed. We had to wait.

At one o'clock we got another companion. No less a personage than the mayor of Santa Clara. Arrested on charges of sedition, the court had freed him the day before, but he had immediately been rearrested on orders of Don José Pedraza Cabrera, whom one might as well have called the owner of Cuba.

Crowded as we were, we tried to sleep, but found it impossible. At 2:30 in the morning I heard my name called. Following a guard down the corridor I entered a heavily guarded room where I was to be questioned.

Beyond a shaft of light from a powerful lamp, as if to give the proceedings a sharpness and dramatic effect that were not inherent in their absurd and unnecessary nature, stood a short, well groomed young man, in the uniform of a Cuban army lieutenant, whom I knew to be Lieutenant German Cortes. The Lieutenant motioned me into the glare of light, from which spot I was unable to see anyone else in the room. He searched my pockets. He opened my wallet and grunted. He held in his hand a card given me a few weeks before by Carleton Beals, to whom I had been introduced by Dick Armstrong, International News Service correspondent in Havana. The Lieutenant also found a clipping from The Chicago Tribune. That was enough. The Tribune clipping was an article entitled "Cuba Heads for the Jungle," which I had found both interesting and accurate as a description of present conditions in my country. It was an article that was not popular with the Cuban police. They thought that it was inspired by Cubans. I had clipped it because, believing in the future of Cuba, I had hoped to be able to write to The Chicago Tribune sooner or later by way of calling attention to the fact that my country had stopped short of the jungle and put her house in order.

Evidently I had been suspected of having something to do with The Chicago Tribune article. The Cuban police were sensitive about it. Finding a copy of it on me was enough.

Suddenly someone let fly a terrific blow at my left eye, breaking my glasses and crushing the fragments into the eye socket. My eye filled with blood.

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"Let him out that door," I heard Lieutenant Cortes say, "and do a good job on him."

I was pulled to my feet and half-carried out of the door to a black sedan that was waiting there. Four Negro police without coats or uniforms climbed in with me. One sat on each side of me and two on the front seat. On the floor at my feet I could see, through the film of blood in my eyes, some strange-looking bundles.

I thought I knew what they meant. I remembered the murders of Enrique Fernandez and Armando Feito, both leaders of the Cuban Revolutionary Party. I could see myself lying, riddled with bullets, by the side of the road somewhere, a couple of bundles containing unexploded dynamite bombs by my side. I did not relish the idea of being branded as a terrorist shot down by police in defense of the republic, as has happened to so many Cuban patriots.

As the sedan backed into the patio and turned I caught the look on the black face of Sergeant Sarria, leader of my captors. I did not like that look. I decided that anything would be better than going for a ride with it. Summoning what strength I had left, I jumped to my feet, pushed open the sedan door and managed to get halfway through it before a heavy thud on my head brought, first what seemed like a starry illumination, then darkness.

When I came to, the car was turning around La Punta into the Malecón. I could hear my captors talking.

"How do you like the jungle?" snapped Sergeant Sarria, seeing me stir. His companions roared with laughter.

Weak as I was, I protested that I had had nothing to do with the jungle article.

"Shut up or I'll give it to you right here!" said one of them. From the front seat came a protest about getting the car cushions bloody.

The car kept on past the "Maine" monument and suddenly came to a stop where the New Malecón runs into G Street. The two men in the front seat got out and watched the headlights of a car approaching from behind. The car whizzed by and disappeared in the darkness.

The two men beside me got out and ordered me to follow. Four pistols were pointed at me. Sergeant Sarria reached into the car for one of the bundles. The other men pulled out their *vergajos*.

"This is the way we do it in the jungle," said Sarria. As he did so he struck me violently across the face. His companions laid on with their quirts until my back was a bloody lace of shirt, skin and torn flesh. Before long I went down, unconscious. I don't know how long they kept beating me.

When I came to, I was back in the cell at headquarters. The other prisoners were not there. I lay on the floor, alone, in a pool of my own blood. I could hear conversation outside the cell door. There seemed to be some argument about what was

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Padron, chief of the special investigation section at headquarters, thought that would be dangerous, as some of my friends had found out where I was and were asking questions. I owe my life to Lieutenant Padron.

At seven o'clock in the morning I was taken across the Bay to La Cabaña Fortress. It was the very place to which President Mendieta had been taken after his shameful surrender in Rio Verde several years ago. There were 200 other political prisoners at La Cabaña. They watched me through the iron bars of the courtyard as I entered. I must have been quite a sight.

Captain Elio Sanchez, prison warden, was very indignant when he saw me. He had me taken to the prison hospital and insisted on getting an affidavit as to my physical condition when I arrived. He got it. That paper is today on file at the prison.

La Cabaña, an ancient military fortress, was quite different from headquarters. Everyone was sympathetic. Many wanted to know what I was in for. I told them I didn't know whether it was the Chicago Tribune article or what I had printed in my own paper after my arrest. I came to be known in the prison as "Cuba Hacia La Selva"—Cuba Heads for the Jungle.

Even the Machado prisoners, who knew something about violence, thought I had been handled pretty roughly.

For five days I was kept inside the prison while my wounds healed. The police gave out no information about me.

During the twenty-six days of my stay at La Cabaña nearly sixty more prisoners came in, all in bad shape after their interviews with Colonel Fulgencio Batista's loyal chief of police, Pedraza, who is so loyal that Batista himself is afraid of the man.

Pedraza has been picking men of his own type out of the army and attaching them to himself. He now has about 3,000 uniformed followers in Havana. The Oriente district is loyal to him, too. It is only a question of time before he becomes ambitious enough to want to rule in his own right instead of being just a subordinate. Then there will be trouble.

When I was freed from La Cabaña on the twenty-seventh day—on Pedraza's order, the reason for which I never learned—I went home and found out what had happened there. The place had been turned upside down. All my office equipment, typewriters, mimeographs, books, cameras—even the cigar lighters—had disappeared, by order, I suppose, of Pedraza.

For a while I went about trying to figure out how to get started again. I gave up when I realized that Pedraza's spies were following me everywhere, that they were only waiting for an excuse to start in on me again.

It was then that I decided to leave my country and go to the United States where I understand

Borah Knows Best

ON THE Senate floor, Borah looks like a national leader. When he speaks, a hush falls on the chamber. His colleagues pour in from the cloakroom to stand in respectful silence. Now that Huey Long is dead, no one can pack the galleries as he can. In Europe, his words carry more weight than those of any other American. Yet, in fact, Borah leads nothing. By assiduous efforts over many years, he has prevented any political or personal loyalties from becoming attached to him.

Borah's closest associates in the Senate are the Republican insurgents. Only one of them, Nye, so far supports him for the presidency. He has received no allegiance from his two seat-mates, Norris and La Follette, or from Johnson, his old comrade-in-arms of the League fight. Outside Congress, neither Governor Olson, Mayor LaGuardia nor any other left-wing leader approves his candidacy.

Borah became nationally known in 1907 as prosecutor in the trial of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone—the Sacco-Venzetti case of a generation ago. That year Borah went to the Senate, starting his career amid the same popular indignation later shown towards Judge Webster Thayer. In every presidential election he has supported the Republican Party, which has usually meant black reaction. In 1912, after acting as one of Theodore Roosevelt's floor leaders at Chicago, he fled from Armageddon, and upheld Taft. In 1924, he supported Coolidge against the late Robert La Follette.

Nevertheless, Borah is a liberal, and his contributions to liberalism have been important. He had a large part in bringing about the constitutional amendments for the direct election of Senators and for a federal income tax. He was the first conspicuous member of Congress to urge the recognition of Soviet Russia. The Washington naval conference was in great measure his handiwork. Repeatedly he has intervened to save radicals from government persecution, in this country and Latin America. During the last two years, no other Congress member has so effectively exposed the Roosevelt administration's failure to control big business.

Nearly everyone who knows Borah has affection for him. Nearly everyone respects his ability. But probably it is not unfair to say that, in addition, a large number of people regard him as an incurable traitor to all principle and to himself. Such a judgment, in my opinion, does less than justice to this fastidious and curious man.

Borah was born in 1865, about ten weeks after the assassination of Lincoln, in Fairfield, Illinois. There were then many Confederate sympathizers in southern Illinois, and many partisans of the martyred Lincoln. Civil war is a horrible [illegible]

sitive person has in preserving his individuality among the ferocious passions that it releases. With the aid of his father, Borah precociously worked out a method of living. Looking back on his childhood, Borah explains it thus: "My father was a student of politics, both here and in other parts of the world. He often discussed public affairs with me, and I perceived that the mistakes of the great men of the Civil War period came from their blind partisanship. Very early I myself tried to rise above partisanship."

Not only in Reconstruction days, but in all times, there are advantages in being able to dodge fidelity to the group. It is, furthermore, arguable that there has never been a great popular movement—from primitive Christianity to the Communist revolution in Russia—unaccompanied by hypocrisy, meanness of spirit and inexcusable excesses. Borah has a keen sense of justice, and a keen hatred of the tyranny practised by the strong upon the weak. However, his superior knowledge of political history enables him to pick flaws in whatever popular cause is presented to him for his adherence, and to absolve him from any obligation to group solidarity. To the curious amalgam of qualities that form his personality, however, Borah has been not traitorous, but extraordinarily faithful.

To Borah's fastidiousness, one large exception must be made. He has been no endowed artist, but a politician elected by an uncomprehending constituency. Whatever has been necessary to obtain patronage and special legislation for Idahoans, he has done. Last spring he voted for the A.A.A.'s potato regulations, for example, and is now throwing soft words to the Idaho Townsend clubs. Such acts are Borah's tribute to Caesar, which he renders promptly and cheerfully. They have enabled him to remain in the Senate for thirty years and to do and say what he pleased 90 percent of the time.

The fight on the League in 1919-20, which "broke the heart of the world," displayed Borah's special qualities in their fullest flower. His devotion to world peace was no less than Wilson's, but his immense, if specialized, knowledge enabled him to puncture the hypocrisies concealed in Wilson's Covenant, which had been anything but openly arrived at, and to expose the mean-spiritedness of the Versailles system. Remaining a lofty idealist, Borah was simultaneously able to equal the vindictive Lodge and Reed in the savagery of his onslaught.

If, by any chance, Borah should receive the Republican nomination for President, these same qualities would make him a deadly campaigner against

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understanding of the problem it offers is considerably greater. Borah's indictment of monopoly, contained in his recent speeches, differs basically from the nostalgic hankering for a return to a more primitive economic system of the so-called "Brandeis group" around Mr. Roosevelt, which was illustrated by the "tax on bigness" that Mr. Roosevelt put forward last spring. Borah does not oppose bigness, which he regards as often technologically desirable. Instead, he proposes to strip monopoly of the functions of government which, in many cases, it now exercises, and to substitute social control. He maintains that the defunct N.R.A. did not do this, but tried to legalize the powers usurped by big business.

Borah's own solution of the problem, set down in a bill already introduced in the Senate, is to require a federal charter for all corporations engaged in interstate commerce. These charters would be supervised by a body like the Federal Trade Commission, which, upon a finding that a corporation had acted contrary to regulations prescribed by Congress, would have authority to forbid it to continue in business. Borah's primary concern is to safeguard the small business man—the independent oil operator, the owner of a single movie theatre, the independent druggist. The regulatory system he proposes, however, could be equally used to safeguard labor and the consumer.

Characteristically, Borah's solution is political and legal. It is possible to argue that no form of governmental control over industry can succeed in the absence of a strong labor movement—that, until labor has genuine power, big business will always find ways to evade whatever statutory shackles are devised for it. Nevertheless, Borah has stated the essential problem far more simply than Mr. Roosevelt has ever done, and proposes a comprehensive remedy beside which the various Roosevelt substitutes for the N.R.A. appear like first-aid bandages of a tenderfoot Boy Scout.

Despite his great abilities, however, the prospect of Borah's obtaining the Republican nomination seems slim. He will be seventy-one next June. He is astonishingly vigorous, his hair is black and wavy, and, during the last year, he has taken on weight and the furrows have vanished from his face. But he is twenty-one years above the approved age for candidates. More serious, probably, is the opposition, except in Far Western states, of the party machine. His nomination would mean the overthrow not merely of the national Republican bosses, Hilles and Roraback, but of the state bosses throughout the East and Middle West. Such a party revolution is conceivable, but unlikely. However, Borah's chief handicap is Borah, and a lifetime of non-allegiance to those groups which he now needs to make him President. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

This is the second of a series of articles discussing possible Republican presidential nominees. The [illegible]

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The Music Goes 'Round and Around

IT WAS not much more than a year ago that we who were excited about American syncopation were still given to pouncing on bewildered but amiable friends, lodging them firmly before a phonograph while we played and expounded the merits of a stack of hot records. Many of us were more than willing to take pen in hand and, through the pages of any obliging publication, spread the word among the unsaved that the practice and appreciation of jazz music was big, important stuff. I also recall that we of the faithful spent a good deal of time at night in midtown cellars, transported by the discovery of three or four swing musicians and looking, I dare say, for all the world like a group of early Christians at their interdicted devotions. We liked jazz. We still do, for it is a medium that offers great satisfaction to those who have an instinct for it. But, at the time I speak of, the intensity of one's enjoyment of jazz was measured by the fanaticism with which one was willing to proselytize in its behalf.

The somewhat nostalgic aim of jazz fans then was to set jazz back on the pinnacle it reached in the 1920's, to create again the great days of Lang and Beiderbecke, of Armstrong and Teschmaker. We were ashamed that Europe consumed six or seven times the amount of hot records that could be sold in the land of their origin. We envied the Europeans their Hot Clubs, their many little magazines devoted exclusively to jazz music, their knowledgeable and prolific critics of the jazz idiom. For by 1930 in the United States authentic hot music had reached its commercial nadir. Few played it because few would pay to listen to it, the national taste and patronage running to the sweet music of Lombardo, Whiteman, Duchin *et al.* And then, suddenly, jazz came back. You have the choice of several explanations as to why it came back. Some give the credit to Repeal, on the theory that the country had to have madder music to go with its stronger (or at least purer) wine. Or, just as jazz was an integral part of the post-war jag, perhaps it was revived to liven up the general post-crash bender. Possibly the most ingenious explanation of all is that influential young admen, just arriving at positions of importance, created a wide market for jazz by loading commercial radio programs with the hot music they had learned to like a decade before at college. Whatever the reason, the jazz renaissance is now upon us in full force. And along with it has come so much that is foolish and vulgar that not a few veterans of the subterranean period of swing music wish they and it were back in the cellar again.

As of last week, the only two people within the [illegible] who had not yet heard "The Music

editor of a famed news magazine and the Police Commissioner of the City of New York. The publishers of that vertiginous tune had sold 45,000 copies of it in its first three weeks. A hat, a dress, a sofa had been named after it. Pitchmen were being tossed into jail for vending pirated lyrics of the song and, if one failed to hear it in English as it was played over the radio once every five minutes, there was still a good chance of catching it broadcast in Yiddish, Danish, Japanese, Irish brogue or pig Latin. No national musical phenomenon of this sort has gripped the country since "Yes! We Have No Bananas" thirteen years ago. But unlike the banana piece, "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" is a swing tune—all because a jazz trombonist named Mike Riley happened to popularize the silly number by swinging it instead of playing it straight.

As one more manifestation of the febrile national temperament, "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" is to be taken no more seriously than Mah Jong or miniature golf. Unfortunately, its vogue has immensely assisted all sorts of charlatans to build jazz music up as a national fad and cash in on the ballyhoo. Several weeks ago the carnival branch of the Radio Corporation of America pushed the first exploitation valve down, whereupon the nonsense went down and around and emerged as a back-page advertisement in Variety for the music of Benny Goodman. Benny, possibly the most talented jazz clarinetist in the business, has to make a living. But he must have wished he did not when he saw himself billed as the possessor of an "individual hot-sweet 'swing' style" calculated to appeal to "young and old alike."

Of course, the movies do this sort of thing best of all. On January 9, at a midtown New York hotel, 20th Century-Fox Film Corporation brought out Thomas ("Fats") Waller in "The First Swing Musicale Presented in America." If hearing Fats Waller, or any other jazz instrumentalist, play a dozen numbers to a room full of people constitutes a "swing musicale," then 20th Century-Fox was about twenty-five years late sponsoring the first such ceremony. Whoever arranged and wrote the program, however, did accomplish something unique. Sandwiched in between examples of piano playing Waller had just recorded for a 20th Century-Fox picture (are you beginning to get the idea?) was Waller's version in four-four time of some waltz music to a children's poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. Apparently that number was considered apropos because its title happened to be "The Swing." For the zenith in wretched pretense, however, this billing is submitted:

> 11—"The Lover and His Lass"
> from a poem by William Shakespeare
> Music Anonymous
>
> The second line [illegible]

> "With a hey (beat-beat), and a ho (beat-beat), and a hey (beat) noni- (beat) no" anticipates Harlem's swing rhythm by four centuries and definitely establishes the Bard of Avon as the pioneer pre-Harlemite . . ."

The upshot of this sort of promotion, of course, is going to be that the public will be sold a great deal of spurious music masquerading under the label of jazz. And perhaps the only real harm done will be that a number of people will never have the opportunity to enjoy the genuine article. Unfortunately, this minor crisis finds the intellectuals of jazz more than holding their end up in the dissemination of foolishness.

What gives them all a lot of trouble is the definition of jazz terms—terms, incidentally, that originally came to mind spontaneously and were applied very informally to the medium by the musicians. "Swing," a word that means more than any other in the jazz lexicon, has proved particularly obdurate to analysis. Swing is to jazz what the poetic quality is to verse. And it is just as indefinable. After you have said that it is an instinctive ability to appreciate or execute jazz rhythms and melodic forms, you have probably said all there is to say. But clearly that is not enough for an academician like Mr. Ronald Wimble of the English fan magazine, Swing Music, as witness his flight in the November-December issue:

> Swing is not confined to jazz or even to music. Nor is jazz-swing confined to jazz. Nor even is "jazz-swing" the only kind of "swing" in jazz. Generally applied, the word "Swing" simply means a periodic fluctuation, as of a pendulum. Note that a "periodic fluctuation" does not mean a beat or a tempo—though it may be closely related to both. When applied to general human actions and thought, "Swing" describes the "periodic fluctuation" forming the basis of all movement or sensation of movement which is at the time of incidence effortless and instinctive. Musical Swing is that kind of swing, the "movement or sensation of movement" based upon which is expressed or implied by the relation of sound to time. Jazz Swing is the kind of "musical swing" which is implied by sound in syncopated relation to the period of the "Swing" fluctuations . . .

As easy as that.

Stripping the current ballyhoo and cultism from jazz, just how important is it? Very probably it is not "America's sole contribution to the world's culture," or even so important a contribution as, for instance, the cantilever bridge. But there is no doubt that it represents the highest historical development of popular music, superseding the Viennese waltz and setting the whole world to dancing in four-four time. Doubtless it is much too early for any serious appraisal of the blowziest of the arts. Meantime, perhaps the soundest procedure for those interested in American syncopation is to let the exploitation and cultism run their courses, put a good record on the machine and relax

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The Sharecroppers Fight for Life

WHEN SEVENTEEN persons crashed to death in an airplane between Memphis and Little Rock the other day, the tragedy was front-page news. So far, nobody has pointed out that their terrible death occurred in the swamps of the same country in which thousands of sharecroppers have suffered and many have died an unrecorded death caused by pellagra or planters' bullets.

Whatever the A.A.A. may have done for farmers who own their own land, it worked indescribable hardships on tenants. Among these, no group has undergone more than those in the Southern states, most of whom were engaged in raising cotton. Thousands of planters and absentee landlords made the necessary reduction in their acreage by turning off tenants and sharecroppers without the slightest interest in what was to become of them; others took advantage of the situation by offering wages for field work in some cases as low as 50 cents a day. The plight of the Southern sharecroppers has often been described in the growing literature on the subject, but perhaps never more vividly than in a suppressed report of the Department of Agriculture whose author commented that the widespread misery among them was like that of the Belgian refugees in 1914.

Since neither government nor philanthropy has done anything substantial for them, these farmers decided to do something for themselves. In several parts of the country, notably Alabama, they have formed local unions which have grown rapidly and have coöperated with one another. About a year ago a handful of delegates met in Arkansas to discuss plans for union organization in that state. Early in January of this year, the second annual convention of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union was held at Little Rock. A year of intensive organization made the difference between the two conventions amazing. This time there were more than 100 delegates, white and Negro. They represented cotton sharecroppers and agricultural workers from six states—Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Texas, Tennessee and Mississippi. Those present spoke for nearly 23,000 members, organized in 200 places. Their proceedings were covered by the newspapers and press services.

The delegates were able to report some success in the war against terrorism by vigilantes, which from the beginning has marked the effort to frighten these workers into accepting a status of semi-starvation and unrelieved misery. In the past, union meetings have been broken up; "outsiders" like Norman Thomas, invited in by the union, have been driven out by armed thugs; shacks of union organizers have been riddled by machine-gun bullets; attorneys conference, National Secretary H. L. Mitchell described some of the activities of the union. Test cases have been carried to court—not always successfully, because government cotton-reduction contracts were loosely drawn and could easily be interpreted to benefit the landlords. In certain cases, the union has charged, and proved, discrimination against its members by relief authorities. A cotton-pickers' strike in eastern Arkansas last fall was a decided success, wage increases having been achieved in many places and the price per hundred pounds having been forced up even in non-union areas.

Despite the effective work of the union during the past year, much still needs to be done. Harry Malcolm, Arkansas Deputy State Labor Commissioner, reported that "many sharecroppers' families haven't tasted chicken, pork or beef in a year." Children are being kept out of school because their parents cannot provide schoolbooks or decent clothing. Plantation owners are still able to have sharecroppers arrested periodically on minor offenses and fined, these fines then being paid by the planter and added to the sharecropper's bill. This has the double advantage of keeping the sharecropper in debt to the planter, and of terrorizing any who dare to complain of conditions. Alternatively, a sharecropper who is suspected of being a "trouble-maker," as, for instance, through complaining to the state labor department, is likely to be turned off the place forthwith.

Perhaps the most important development recorded at this year's convention was formal recognition, and promises of active coöperation, by organized labor in general, following the union's endorsement by the A.F. of L. convention. Among the speakers were several from the Arkansas State Federation of Labor and from the local organization of the United Mine Workers of America. The S.T.F.U. issued an urgent resolution in behalf of a general, inclusive organization of tenant farmers, sharecroppers and agricultural laborers, rather than isolated unions of these groups individually.

The death of the A.A.A. is not regretted by the members of the S.T.F.U., who feel that so far as they are concerned, their burdens were increased thereby. At a conference to be held at Washington in March, a program of proposed farm legislation for the benefit of these groups will be drawn up. If the determination of the Arkansas meeting prevails at Washington, this program will probably recommend the complete abolition of the vicious present system of farm tenancy, with a slogan of "land for the landless." The important thing, both at Washington and in dealing with the landlords in the South, is that the Southern cotton farmers and workers, heretofore one of the most poverty-stricken and oppressed groups in America, have developed a vital organization with ability to voice their demands and the readiness to fight for them.

JOHN HERLING.

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Washington Notes

Drafting a Substitute for the A.A.A.—Planning Versus the Handout—Are Small Farms Doomed?

IT HAD been generally conceded here that Mr. Roosevelt would not fight the Supreme Court over the A.A.A. However, it was not expected that he would remain totally silent in the face of the extremely hostile language employed by Mr. Justice Roberts. At the very least, it was believed that he would present a new farm bill to Congress, and make its enactment the occasion of a great demonstration of the administration's regard for agriculture, in contrast to the callousness of the Court. The report that a Washington correspondent stumbled upon unsuspected powers contained in existing soil-conservation legislation and convinced officials that a new bill was unnecessary, does not altogether fit the facts. There is good evidence that a memorandum suggesting that the soil-conservation law be used as a substitute for the A.A.A. was drafted by the Department of Agriculture itself about the time of Supreme Court's decision. It seems more likely that the sudden abandonment of new legislation was caused by the appearance of the farm leaders who had been invited to Washington before the Senate committee on agriculture. At that hearing, it became evident that the committee chairman, Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith, would oppose a new bill, and that the farm leaders would try to include a provision for currency inflation. Cotton Ed and fiat money are two of the administration's bugbears. Almost at once, the soil-conservation act was unearthed with glad cries of surprise.

The new farm program which the Department of Agriculture is formulating behind the façade of the soil-conservation act offers a chance for national planning on a grand scale. It is no secret that the ablest Department officials, including Secretary Wallace, disapproved of much of the old A.A.A., and for many months have been engaged in working out a permanent agricultural policy. They have had, however, great difficulty in reaching basic decisions, and uncertainty pervades their present program-drafting.

One unsolved problem concerns farm efficiency and the unwelcome question of class distinctions among farmers. Statistics on farm efficiency are hard to find, but it seems likely that big farmers, with working capital, machinery and hired laborers, are more efficient—or at least readier to experiment with improved techniques—than the classic family farmer, with only his own labor and that of his children. However, to Department officials, there is something "American" and precious about the family farmer. They aren't quite sure that they want to disadvantage him, even if he should be proved agronomically undesirable.

An accusation against the old A.A.A. that always made Department officials wince was that it wasted land. Under the original program, acreage restrictions were uniform for all coöperating farmers. Prosperous Farmer Corntassel, graduate of an agricultural college, might rotate his crops, plant soil-restoring legumes and let his fields lie fallow. Down the road, poor, mortgage-ridd[illegible] the soil and wreck its fertility. But both had to reduce their acreage in commercial crops equally. The idle acres of Farmer Corntassel represented sheer waste; on the other hand, despite restricted production, Farmer Appleseed might still be overfarming his land. Similar situations existed in the case of whole regions.

The Farmer Corntassels naturally objected to uniformity in acreage restriction, and the Department of Agriculture acknowledged that they were right. With the present crop year, three new regulations were formulated. First, farmers with poor soil were encouraged to take especially large acreage cuts, and correspondingly large benefit payments. For example, under the 1936 corn-hog contract, the minimum cut was ten percent, but farmers could, if they chose, take cuts up to thirty percent. Second, county committees were given "free" acreage allotments on the understanding that in general these would go to the best-cultivated farms. Lastly, the Department undertook a program of so-called regional adjustment, which implicitly meant a kind of national planning for all agriculture.

The first two of these provisions were killed with the A.A.A. Regional adjustment, at least as a concept, still dominates the thinking of the Department of Agriculture. Studies for the regional-adjustment program were begun early last spring. The job of determining where crops should be grown to give the greatest production with the least expenditure of human labor was found technically complicated, but by no means incapable of solution. But this was the smallest part of the problem. Quite obviously some regions would be benefited at the expense of others. What was to be done with the farmers of the less-favored regions, whose means of livelihood would be impaired, if not taken away altogether? How were Congress members from the less-favored regions to be pacified once they learned of the doom overhanging their constituents?

The Department's preoccupation with farm efficiency shows clearly in the new substitute farm program. It sets forth the ideal of soil conservation, which is a back-handed way of saying that production ought to be taken away from unfertile and badly managed farms, and given to fertile and well managed ones. Almost certainly its effect will be to benefit the big farmer as against the small farmer. The new farm program goes far toward laying the groundwork for a permanent farm policy, but a policy whose long-term effect may be to ruin the ten or fifteen percent of farmers at the bottom of the heap. This prospect disturbs the Department officials, and confuses their leadership.

The great majority of existing farms are of less than 200 acres. The possessor of a section, or 640 acres, is a big farmer. But the advent of extremely expensive farm machinery is very recent, and its effect on the size of farms is yet unknown. Here in Washington, directly under the noses of Department officials, are conspicuous examples of owners of large-scale farms employing hired labor. Mr. Roosevelt has a 2,500-acre stock farm in Georgia. Vice President Garner has a Texas pecan farm. George L. Berry, final custodian of the vanished N.R.A., is the largest farm owner in the Southeast, with some 30,000 acres. Secretary Wallace's bitterest critic, Senator Byrd, owns one

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patches of California, large-scale ownership and the organization of labor on typical industrial lines have progressed far enough to give us prolonged and bitter labor wars.

It is possible that this is an inescapable development. The problem of agriculture is to put into use the improved machinery and farming techniques of the last generation. It is the same problem that Soviet Russia faced in 1929, and, after a surreptitious civil war, has solved with its state farms. Perhaps the best this country can do, under its present system, is to turn farming over to large-scale private owners like Mr. Roosevelt, Garner, Berry and Byrd. That would be an intelligible, if not particularly desirable, end of agricultural policy. But such a policy ought to recognize that it is aiming at a social structure divided on class lines —propertyless hired laborers, sharecroppers, tenant farmers, family farmers and big owners—and ought to guard against class struggle within it. This is, however, exactly what the farm leaders in the administration refuse to see, and the new program is likely to suffer accordingly.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Happy Days Are Here Again, for a While—Gangsters to Right of Us—Mr. du Pont and Mr. Raskob Collaborate

IT BEGINS to look as if Happy Days Are Here Again. And presently the strains of that stirring song, which by the way, we have not heard in some time, may be sounded again in the land. Who can doubt it? This time a year ago fifty leading stocks were priced at 83. At the end of the year they were 112. Since that time they have risen to 116. Now the patriots who held back the German hordes in 1918 are about to get a mere pittance of two billions, most of which they will spend with the grocer, the haberdasher, and with Joe down at the corner. There will be plenty of purchasing power milling around the country, what with the bonus dollars piled on top of the relief dollars and all piled on top of the accumulated dollars that are among us from the relief efforts of the past three years. In this situation, of course, the reformers, the idealists, the people-savers will also take their seats on the sidelines, moaning low and viewing with alarm, while the practical gentlemen who run affairs will keep their weather eyes open for such opportunities as appear for making half a dozen unsound dollars grow where one grew before. In other words, there are going to be rich pickings this coming year for those who take a practical view of life and, while deploring the government's "spending orgy," put themselves in the way of the flood as much as possible. Unless all signs fail, things should be humming by the end of next summer. Unless, of course, war or some other disaster interferes with the logical course of events. The Democrats will call it prosperity. The Republicans will call it recovery in their business ads and market letters, but they will call it inflation in their political speeches. There is one thing about

President is being opposed by a lot of gangsters—gangsters of big business. It would be interesting to know when Mr. Farley made the discovery that they are gangsters. And when the great enemy of the money-changers himself made that discovery.

One thing seems fairly clear—they are no more gangsters now than they were in 1933. Then the President was delivering his philippics against the money-changers and the Tories whose remedies were cast in the pattern of an outworn creed. But apparently Mr. Roosevelt understands the social art of distinguishing between the "gangsters of big business" and the individual gangsters. The "gangsters"—taken collectively—are an institution. The individual members of the institution are, however, human beings, citizens of the republic, gentlemen of large kidney and immense resources. Therefore while he railed at the gangsters and the money-changers, he had the individuals themselves to tea at the White House. He named them on important committees and boards and commissions. He filled the Treasury, the State Department and the Commerce Department with them and their aides. He petted them. He publicly thanked them and praised them for their aid and their patriotism. But they were the fellows who had defiled the Temple and drawn it from "the ancient truths." They are no worse now than they were then. Indeed, then they were fresh from the defilements. But now suddenly they are "gangsters of big business" again. And speaking of gangsters, what are those pleasant persons in New York State who make up Mr. Farley's associates and allies—the gentlemen who run the Democratic districts that turn in the Democratic majorities? Are they gangsters too? Does it not raise the uncomfortable apprehension that we are caught between the gangsters of big business and the gangsters of machine politics?

The student of ethics will find some very juicy raw material for meditation in the latest "outrage" of the Roosevelt administration against the defenders of liberty. A very simple statement of the facts leaves little to be desired in the way of comment. We have in this country what is called an income-tax law. Under it a man is called upon to make a statement to the government of the amount of his income and to pay a tax on that income. He is required to swear to the facts. An honorable man, of course, whose word is as good as his bond, will tell the truth without the collaboration of a notary. But the notary is necessary to cramp the conscience of the type of citizen who is not worthy to belong to the Liberty League.

In 1929 Mr. Pierre du Pont and Mr. John J. Raskob were called upon to make out their income-tax statements. They did so. Now, under the law a taxpayer had to pay taxes on any profits he made in the stock market. But if he sustained any losses on stocks he could offset these losses against his other income gains. Thus if he sold shares that had cost him $100 each for, let us say, $50, there would be a loss of $50 a share. This is putting it all in an elementary way. But resolving this transaction into very elementary terms helps us to avoid circumlocutions and rationalizations. So Mr. du Pont went to Mr.

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Mr. Raskob would give Mr. du Pont his check and thus everything would be, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler might say, okey-doke. Mr. du Pont would deduct the "loss" from his tax statement and solemnly swear that it was a loss. And as one good turn deserves another, Mr. Raskob would sell a mess of shares to Mr. du Pont at a loss of more than a million, Mr. du Pont paying Mr. Raskob with a perfectly good check, thus making that transaction too a genuine one and completely okey-doke.

Then after a proper period—ninety days—Mr. du Pont asked Mr. Raskob if he would like to buy some shares of stock. Sure, said Mr. Raskob. Mr. du Pont sold him the very shares he had previously bought from him. "And how about you buying a little stock?" said Mr. Raskob. "Certainly," said Mr. du Pont. Whereupon Raskob sold du Pont the shares he had bought from du Pont. When this was all accomplished, Raskob had his shares back, du Pont had his shares back, but each had sustained a "severe loss," and had dutifully deducted it from his income-tax statement. Uncle Sam, of course, did sustain an actual loss—some $617,000 in taxes from Mr. du Pont and a very large sum on Mr. Raskob's tax return. Now the government wants these two Defenders of Liberty to disgorge.

But the choicest morsel of this incident is Mr. Raskob's indignant response. Of course he and Mr. du Pont did precisely what the government charges. But what else could they do, he asks. They had to do this to cut down their taxes. If they hadn't done it, they would have had to pay thousands more in taxes. There was no other way out. It was the only way they could show losses. The government knew all about it for several years. Now the government was fishing it up against du Pont and himself to discredit the Liberty League. It was a perfect example of the extent to which tyranny can go. But is not Mr. Raskob's naïve indignation a perfect example of something else—namely, the extent to which ethics in American business has dwindled until it apparently is almost non-existent? What, I wonder, would Mr. Raskob and Mr. du Pont think of a $30-a-week clerk in their employ who would pull a fast one like that on the du Pont Company in its purchasing division? JOHN T. FLYNN.

Ossuary

Has the young smile gone
That once trimmed the skeleton?
Tangible, the last thing left,
A grace, when of all grace bereft
The bared bones are still at last,
Even of decay—all labor past.

That frank, ingenuous grin
Opened the gates and welcomed in
Even prying worms, and gave
Such generous welcome to the grave,
As a child might, that even fear
Reflected—"Kindliness is here—"

But does that same smile trim
These later skulls—and grace the grim
Masks of men angry to be slain
Who died for nothing—and in vain?

On the Labor Front

Collective Bargaining in Vermont—Add "It Can't Happen Here"—Alaska Promotes Peaceful American Citizenship

MY STINT this week should be credited, in large measure, to the thoughtfulness of scouts in two out-of-the-way places: Juneau, Alaska, and Rutland, Vermont. They have sent in newspaper clippings on two extremely interesting strikes that have received virtually no attention outside of the local press. I mention this at the start both in gratitude and to suggest that readers of this column can help a great deal to increase its usefulness if they will send in significant clippings, documents, etc., on labor developments in their communities—data that normally would not be available except to those on the immediate scene.

In Vermont, a strike involving about 1,000 employees of the Vermont Marble Company is now in its third month. One of the strikers, an employee of the company for thirty years, gives a clue to the cause of the strike in a letter recently printed in The Rutland Herald:

> During the years 1930-31 and until 1934, when the company received that huge order for the Supreme Court Building in Washington, and soon after when they cut wages 20 percent, I was operating a polishing machine here in the company's shop. I was required to work three and five days a week and my weekly earnings were from $4 to $7. . . . I have no accurate records of my yearly earnings . . . it must have been $300 or $400 a year. Imagine what kind of living standard a man with a family can have out of that income.

Vermont is a state in which industrial conflict is practically an unheard-of thing, but the following quotation from the same letter indicates that Vermont employers react—perhaps instinctively—in pretty much the same way as do other employers where collective bargaining is concerned:

> In the early part of 1934 the Blue Eagle flew into Proctor with the message that the workingman also must be represented in collective bargaining, and the company gave us a fair chance by the ballot to show in what organization we wanted to be represented. It was overwhelmingly voted through the quarries and mills that we wanted to be represented by the International Union [A.F. of L.]. As soon as the result of this ballot was out the company began to form a company union. . . . Soon after the company began to lay off the men, mostly the union men, paying no attention to their importance or their family affairs. This caused considerable ill feeling among the men.

These grievances and the company's refusal to recognize the union ultimately led to the present strike. The company is probably the outstanding factor in the marble industry in the United States, but it insists that it is financially unable to pay better wages. Its financial distress, if such it is, appears to have been distributed unevenly. Through the years up to 1935, when workers'

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ferred stock. Moreover, it has found it possible to engage nearly one hundred deputy sheriffs to protect its strike-breakers. A fortnight ago these deputies earned their keep in what The Rutland Herald called "a bloody mêlée," sending five pickets to the hospital with serious injuries.

The strikers, after three months of unemployment, have naturally been forced to seek relief. In this, too, they have encountered obstacles. For, according to the writer of the letter in The Rutland Herald, "it is very difficult for some men here to get a square deal even from the W.P.A. work, because the company officials are also heads of W.P.A." The strikers are now faced with a new threat—a vigilante group of "Minutemen" recently formed by the Officers' Reserve, the American Legion and other bodies to take care of civil strife, that is, strikes. Ironically enough, this bit of fascism is to be found near the Vermont home of Sinclair Lewis.

From Alaska comes the story, printed in The Daily Alaska Empire, that the Juneau Mine Workers' Association has condemned the continuance of relief for "aliens and radicals in this community" and has pledged itself to "take all necessary steps to make the community safe for peaceful American citizenship." The Association, furthermore, "offered a vote of gratitude to the Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion and such private citizens as have coöperated in our most recent crisis." And lest any suspicions be aroused by these strange sentiments (for a real labor union, that is), Mr. James Lynam, secretary of the Association, is quoted at length to prove that his organization "is not and never has been a company union."

The Association, it appears, is applying for a charter from the American Federation of Labor. Thus far, however, the charter has not been granted because, as The Daily Alaska Empire puts it, an "opposing faction" is already affiliated with the Federation, namely, Local 203 of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. This "opposing faction" went on strike last year against the Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Company. During the strike, the union's picket lines were assaulted by imported guards, city police and local merchant vigilantes. More than a score of pickets were arrested on "riot" charges as a result of these conflicts, but were later freed after a jury trial lasting five weeks.

Needless to say, the members of the Alaska Juneau Miners' Association were not mixed up in all this. They were the "loyal" workers who were helping to break the strike and to promote peaceful American citizenship. Now, however, they apparently feel that their mission would be aided by a charter from the A.F. of L. In all seriousness, The Daily Alaska Empire reports that negotiations toward this end are now in progress and that officials of the Association believe that a charter will be forthcoming as soon as government officials and the A.F. of L. "understand the situation." And as conclusive proof that the Association is on the up-and-up and will cause no trouble, Secretary Lynam points out that the Association "has at no time since its formation asked any favors of the company; in fact, we have been complimented by officials of the company on our failure to make such demands." What action will the A.F. of L. take against this outright libel?

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

The United States and the League

SIR: Please record one very vigorous concurring dissent to the views of Professor Schuman, in The New Republic of January 15 and place same on following additional grounds:

1. His proposed "war against fascism" sounds suspiciously like the "war for democracy," and doubtless also implies the familiar absurdity of separation of government and people.

2. If the United States were now to aid the League, the protective coloration afforded by the latter would permit military and naval expansion here that would only accelerate the growth of fascism within our own borders.

3. The neutrality of the United States in the approaching European conflict is not only desirable but possible provided that (a) men of good will insist that an "island of sanity" has its attractiveness, and (b) that we are vouchsafed a modicum of official intelligence during the period of hostilities.

New Haven, Conn. C. T.

A Job for Students

SIR: With scores of trained and experienced college teachers either totally unemployed or teaching in Relief Administration projects for $21 a week; with hundreds of graduate students being turned out by the universities every June, degreed but jobless; with Ph.D.'s in New York City (I am told) happy to obtain part-time teaching at $15 a week, why shouldn't Chancellor Bowman say "What of it?" to the recent blacklisting of the University of Pittsburgh by the American Association of University disillusioned—by merely advising appointment bureaus and teachers' agencies that he has an opening. He cannot pay his mortgage interest and running expenses thus easily. Dollars are scarcer than teachers.

When *students* begin to blacklist the University of Pittsburgh Chancellor Bowman may commence to worry. But in thousands of families his ideas are heartily endorsed by parents, and it is parents who pay college bills. I look for Pittsburgh to close down about the same year that the Standard Oil goes bankrupt and the Communists elect a President.

Allentown, Pa. ROBERT J. CONKLIN.

Concerning Carl Becker

SIR: May I, unless a better filler offers, have some of the space for reply to Louis Hacker's "review" of which Carl Becker, the subject, used less than four inches in declining? Whatever may be its merits as an essay, the "review" is not an essay about Carl Becker. Its title, "Historian of Revolutions," misdescribes him. Where has he written of revolutions or theorized about them? He has written rather of intellectual activities. Though no one has shown better how a typical merchant, moved by pecuniary and other interests as well as by fine phrases, was doubtless thinking in 1776, the intellectual activities which most engage him are those of minds reputed best.

The word *science* means different things to different persons. No doubt Becker is unscientific to those whose science entails "the nefarious medieval enterprise of reconciling the facts of human experience with truths already, in some fashion, revealed to

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a great scientific pioneer. His effort is to see facts as they are, with awareness that, since no seeing is unconditioned by its time, the nearest possible to facts-as-they-are is facts as they seem now, in the "specious present," to the most scrupulous and clearest-eyed observers. And what observer is more scrupulous or clearer-eyed than he?

He has seen in history that, to all fair seeming, men, by taking thought, have changed somewhat for themselves and others the barriers to understanding which they encountered in "conditions found at hand." A few great among them (Hume, for instance) have cut deep salients through conditioning barriers of laws "into the wilderness of a world which to all appearance was neither good nor bad in itself, but good or bad only in so far as men might by their own unaided efforts make it, or fail to make it, serve their purposes." Were Becker to deal with later social philosophers as he has with their eighteenth-century predecessors, I suspect that his analysis would disclose that the revelation of historic necessity (to whose acceptors it is as fairly open to choose Spengler as the one true prophet as to adhere to Marx) has narrowed the way and increased its difficulty for those whose not ill served purpose it might otherwise have been to spread good will through the wilderness. Perhaps, however, since "no respectable historian any longer harbors ulterior motives," all that would be obvious on the surface of the analysis is that philosophers of natural law are still in the twentieth century, as in the eighteenth, "at once too credulous and too skeptical."

The fountain of Mr. Hacker's dissatisfaction is Becker's refusal to view facts through the distorting lens of Marxian oversimplification and jump headlong to rash conclusions of personal and social value. Conceiving that no choice is open in the world today except between survival and extinction, he is exasperated because Becker will not choose what he poses as survival. Becker would doubtless grant that *when* no choice is open except between survival and extinction, hopes of survival will lead most of us, not without risk of error, to climb on one obnoxious band wagon or another. But why do it while we may still survive without?

Yale School of Law, New Haven, Conn. WALTER NELLES.

The Workers' Social Insurance Bill

SIR: In your issue of January 15, T.R.B., in "Washington Notes," refers to the new Workers' Social Insurance Bill, introduced by Senator Frazier, as having been drafted by a group of experts headed by me. In this, your correspondent honors me too much and the bill too little. The Interprofessional Association is responsible for the drafting. A committee interprofessional in character, composed of a lawyer, a social worker, two economists and an architect, formulated it. I was not a member of the committee, and indeed was in Europe when the work was done.

The formulation of the bill is the result of a wide discussion centering about the Lundeen bill of the past two years and culminating in the hearings in Washington in February, 1935, when it was estimated that the speakers supporting the bill represented approximately five million persons.

This is not simply a bill, but a comprehensive formulation of the need of all workers in the United States for protection against the common hazards of insecurity. Precisely because no one person is responsible for it, and because it is a group product, it has significance today.

MARY VAN KLEEK,
National Chairman,
New York City. Interprofessional Association.

Mr. Moore Nominates Mr. Hays

SIR: The unprecedented action of the New York City Bar Association a week ago in refusing to endorse the appointment of Lamar Hardy as United States Attorney for this district gives the President a unique opportunity to redeem his prestige as a liberal.

The kind of United States Attorney needed so badly in this critical period of incipient fascism is one who is not merely an able lawyer but a man of courage and independence who will champion instead of suppress civil liberties, and who will attack the privileged without fear or favor.

There are several such men in New York. Outstanding among them is of course Arthur Garfield Hays. Appointment by the President of a man such as he would be a setback to the forces of reaction and a corresponding advance in the cause of liberalism.

New York City. L. H. MOORE.

From a Wideawake Reader

SIR: The New Republic ought to wake up. The Irish Free State has abolished its Senate, and now has a single chamber elected by proportional representation with an up-to-date Constitution, while our United States Senate flaunts its shame to the world; and you don't even mention the La Follette Gateway Amendment to the Constitution, a simple means of unwinding the accursed chain of a clumsy and antiquated political system.

You make no mention of the Ralston amendment to our State Constitution which would abolish sales tax and establish a measure of social justice in taxation. . . .

San Diego, Calif. F. W. LYNCH.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

S. O. Sanderson of Rochester, Minnesota, calls attention to some of the inconsistencies of the gold standard. He points out that since devaluation the dollar has not been cheapened, in terms of the commodities it will buy, and the net result has been to increase the Treasury's "paper" profits on gold and enable foreign speculators to collect the same differential and thus become rich by reason of the vagaries of American monetary legislation.

Paul P. Crosbie of New York City sends a copy of a letter he recently addressed to President Roosevelt applauding the President's denunciation of autocratic government. At the same time, Mr. Crosbie deplored the fact that America no longer affords asylum to victims of autocracy and is at the moment preparing to send back to countries controlled by vicious dictatorships the following persons: Alfred Miller, Walter Baer, Otto Richter, Adam Muller, Carl Ohm, Vincent Ferrero, Domenick Sallitto and Emil Gardos. The list, as Mr. Crosbie points out, is by no means complete and he hopes that the Department of Labor will see fit to recall these orders for deportation.

Two appeals for funds arrived this week. The Scottsboro Defense Committee, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, is collecting a fund for the defense of the Scottsboro boys at their second trial, which is just beginning. . . . The National Sacramento Appeal Committee, Room 707, 41 Union Square, New York City, is urgently in need of money to provide a transcript of the court record to make possible an appeal from the sentence imposed upon those convicted in the Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trials.

The Southern Free Press Committee announces that Esther Arthur, lecturer on historical events, Emmet Dorsay, professor of Political Science, Howard University, and Chester Arthur, active member of progressive groups, will speak on "Various Current Limitations of Freedom," Friday, January 24, at 8:30 p.m. at Studio 61, Carnegie Hall, New York City. Tickets are 50 cents.

"Since Stark Young seems to have devoted himself to reconsideration only of Anderson and Kingsley I should think it in order to remind The New Republic that there is another play in town nowadays which, if it has defects, has nevertheless a great power and more thought than many that pass as great." Ralph McCabe is writing about Clifford Odets' "Paradise Lost," by which, he says, "New York is more than honored."—"Throughout the play one feels the foreclosures, bankruptcies, refused H.O.L.C. applications and all the lost savings and youth of the last five years. There is bitter foretaste of the future, too. But with all the despair of threatening breakdown on their heads, there remains enough strength in this middle-class family for one of them to find in misfortune a positive creed; to revive the romantic faith in action and, partially, again to believe in man's ultimate triumph."

Walter Duranty, newspaper correspondent and author of "I Write As I Please" and Eduard C. Lind[illegible]

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Un Peu de Musique

UN PEU de musique, un peu de Watteau, as Rostand's people say—from a Broadway angle, this is going to be a funny article.

Ever since its new director, Mr. Edward Johnson, took in hand the too varying fortunes of the Metropolitan Opera House, I have been reading with more regularity the reviews of opera productions. I have been reading also the notices now and again of concerts. I do this because music in one's New York life can do no harm. The abstraction, the stillness and the acceleration of music have their place not only in the lives of those quiet obscurities who go home to think it all over, with their hearts full of that old-fashioned devotion and provocation and elevation that Romain Rolland depicted in the middle section of "Jean Christophe." It has its place also even among those who listen, appreciate and fly, going right off from nowhere to nowhere, nobody to nobody, in our best local high style. At any rate, reading these matters, I have been led to reflect upon the difference between the reviewing, the whole criticism, accorded to the theatre and that which is accorded to musical events.

Brahms said once that we must be very careful what we say of royal compositions, since we never know who may have written them. This is true of the sayings of Miss Dorothy Parker. The attribution in her case is reversed, since those who said the things, or those who happily report them, seem anxious to credit them to this poetical wit. The point here is the remark, reported to have been made by Miss Parker with regard to the first night of a certain lauded actress, that the audience looked as if it had crawled out of the woodwork. It will help the theme of this present little article to remember this observation. Nothing could be more obvious than that the audience very often at the opera, and even more frequently at concerts, is out of class, shall we say, with the usual audience at a theatre. The foyers of the opera and of concert halls have, far less rarely than one sees in the theatres, a suggestion of the civilized, sometimes even of elegance, or of quiet antiquation and lack of vulgar snap.

"Constant Lambert has done little to alter the original scoring of Boyce's 'symphony' "—I shall quote from The New York Times, confining myself to the musical notices of a single page, chosen at random—"except to leave out the 'basso continuo' scored for the harpsichord in the original version. This concerto, in Händel's vein (Boyce outlived Händel by twenty years), is fine, full-blooded music. The orchestra played it with swing and a resonance which fitted well the sturdy score. This is not a symphony in Mozart's sense of the term at all; two of its movements are in the old, lively contrapuntal style. The slow movement is more obviously lyrical."

This is merely one of Mr. Olin Downes's reviews, more or less in the course of his routine. The substance of this is not involved, only a matter of quality, the character of the matter commented upon. But it may serve to remind fact, or implied that it was worth mentioning, that the script presented was really a joke on Molière? Two plays, "L'Ecole des Maris" and "Le Mariage Forcé," were combined, each defeating the other. In this case, the whole element in the play's formal arrangement and order, the splendor of the exposition, was obliterated. In a civilized, or perhaps we might say cultivated, theatre this ought to make a storm. What would be said if the music of Mozart were jerked about in this style, so that the arias and wings of "The Magic Flute" were combined with Don Giovanni's arias and damnation?

"The performance of Mozart's symphony was one to set conservatives by the ears.

"The first movement was played with deep and communicative emotion, and the last, while taken at a faster tempo than usual, emphasized the dramatic vein of the work. But the slow movement was jerky in the playing of ornaments and not as beautifully colored as it could have been, and the minuet was for this listener almost a parody of Mozart's style. It was played with such strong accents of each beat that it was heavy and brutal as never before. There was the effect of two-note phrasing at variance with that of the score. . . ."

What have we reviewers said of Mr. Lunt's and Miss Fontanne's "The Taming of the Shrew"? Was there much mention of the difference with which Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne approached the poetic rhythm; or as to how each, in an exciting, different way, attacked the Shakespearean verse? Is it not possible and worth while to say that Miss Fontanne read the meter more in the style of the Terry-Irving theatre, and Mr. Lunt more in that of certain rather recent efforts, more realistically, if you like? What's more, there might be something to say about the problem of metrical reading for a sort of Shakespearean burlesque like this, as contrasted with the reading for plays like "King Lear" in the grand style. Or, are such things confined to the principles of other arts, while the theatre goes to the dogs? Has the Shakespearean theatre no tradition, exactions, revolutions, innovations, parallel to what might be found in music? Are not Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt in their separate veins as much to be studied as some orchestra leader's version of a symphony is, or some pianist's reading of Chopin, Rhené-Baton, Scriabine, Kaski and Dohnanyi? Obviously they are, though the phrases and clichés to be applied to acting are not so easy and accessible as those in music.

Or shall we all just say that the theatre is as God made us, depending on how we feel, and that there is no Shakespearean question? In that case, it might be possible that the whole theatre-reviewing business is a mere matter of how we reviewers feel after dinner, or between times, et cetera, which shifts the responsibility from the Muse to the chef. Or are we reviewers writing for audiences who are not thought to have heard of the theatre art as art, toads who are to be assured of precious jewels in their foreheads, however hidden? Such things make one wonder if the theatre has become so very natural that it is not much of anything.

I must take up these matters in a second paper, for [illegible] the art of the theatre esthetically, and they

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

It Could Happen There

ENGLAND, at some future time, is entering her second year under the dictatorship of Frank Hillier and the National State Party. Two of the leader's lieutenants are secretly quarreling. Thomas Chamberlayn (for whom read Schacht or Thyssen) wants to disband the army of National Volunteers that put Hillier into office. General Richard Sacker (for whom read Ernst Roehm) insists on keeping every man of his 1,600,000 Volunteers under arms. At this juncture, Sacker's brother-in-law, who is also Hillier's second cousin, comes home from his years of invalidism in Norway. He is an old-fashioned liberal, tolerated only because of his relationship to the fascist leaders. He is able to judge them as men and rulers, to see how they treat Communists interned in "training camps," to foresee that Richard Sacker's revolt will be a failure—and finally to take Richard's body home for burial. Despairing of his own country, despairing of the future anywhere, he again takes refuge in Norway.

"In the Second Year"[1] is not an English copy of "It Can't Happen Here." Considering that the two books were written during the same months, at a distance of three thousand miles, it would be hard to see how one could have influenced the other, except telepathically. Yet they are so similar in plot and conception that it would be impossible not to compare them.

"It Can't Happen Here" is in some ways less of a novel. Sinclair Lewis was carried away by his subject—carried so fast and so far that he could not stop to develop his characters, to make them more than quick cartoons of demagogery or civic virtue. Storm Jameson presents her figures in the round. She tries to understand the sort of man that Hillier must have been, and the half-buried homosexual relationship that bound him to Richard Sacker, and the lies he had to tell himself before he could arrest Sacker and consent to his being executed. She hates both men, yet she makes them more human than President Buzz Windrip or Secretary of State Lee Sarason.

In point of political analysis, her book is wiser than "It Can't Happen Here." Lewis translates Hitlerism into American terms without supplying the background of military disgrace and industrial defeat, of labor and anti-labor agitation, that made Hitlerism possible in Germany. He asks us to believe that the fascists got hold of our own government simply because a more than usually unscrupulous demagogue was aided by a press agent of genius. There is a political danger in this simplified version of a catastrophe. Actually we are not threatened with fascism of the German type, with storm troopers and concentration camps and the beating to death of saintly clergymen: in that sense, it really can't happen here. But we are continually threatened with a home-grown, California sun-ripened brand of strictly American fascism—and Lewis's book encourages people to embrace it while sturdily opposing Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and all foreign dictators. The late Senator Long of Louisiana, who was not a fool, once gave his opinion of whether we should have fascism in this country. "Of course we'll have it," he said. "We'll have it under the guise of anti-fascism."

No such confusion is possible after reading "In the Second Year." Perhaps from her friend Lilo Linke, the German refugee, Miss Jameson has learned to describe the soil in which fascism grows. She imagines a new and prolonged industrial depression, beginning in 1937; a general strike the following year, handled badly and called off after five days, during which the National Volunteers first receive permission to arm themselves; a Labor government coming to office in 1942, after promising but not seriously intending to socialize England; then a financial panic, a flight of capital abroad, a series of leaderless riots—and the National State Party takes office with nobody daring to oppose it, except handfuls of Communists in the big cities and a few thousand starved miners in Wales. Her premises are sound: given these conditions, this spinelessness among the working-class leaders, this general terror and distress, fascism would be likely in any country, and especially in England, where the ruling class is stronger and clings more determinedly to its privileges than anywhere else in the world.

It is not only the causes of fascism, but also its economic and cultural effects, that Miss Jameson paints more clearly than Lewis. She shows what happens when trade is strangled: the empty mill towns, the "derelict areas" that can be entered only with a special pass, the shipyards of the Tyne abandoned and the harbor itself silted up, so that one can wade across the mouth of it. She shows the gradual return to the primitive, with whole families living on potatoes cooked over an open fire, since petrol is rationed and the electric power plants are shut down for lack of coal (just as the mines are shut down for lack of a market). She shows the arts dying of slow strangulation, the good writers in exile or prison, the musicians forced to play Balfe and Wallace instead of Wagner, the theatre given over to "little personal problems—the linen basket emptied out on the stage and carried away in the last act." Beyond all this, she shows the terror of a general war into which Hillier and Chamberlayn will soon be launching the nation.

But a novel, to be memorable or moving, has to be something more than an arithmetical sum of wise perceptions. It also has to have fire and faith—and these qualities are as singularly absent from Miss Jameson's book as they are present in "It Can't Happen Here." Sinclair Lewis believes in liberalism, believes in its eventual triumph; Storm Jameson is so terrified by Hitlerism that she looks forward to a bleak world from which all the liberal virtues have been starved into exile. Her profound discouragement reacts on her style, giving it a tone of subdued dullness, and on her principal character, making him as timid as a tame white rabbit. Indeed, Andrew Hillier is a strangely unattractive figure to be chosen as an author's mouthpiece. He is liberal, yes, but he can see no future for his own beliefs nor any reason for defending them. Even when he lets himself be involved in Richard Sacker's conspiracy, and sees all his comrades slaughtered, the fascist jailers choose to let him go: they tell him, "You're not dangerous to anyone or anything." Doremus Jessup is not that sort of liberal: the authorities fear him with reason, and Sinclair Lewis writes about him with love and indignation, announcing that "a Doremus Jessup can never die." Storm

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The Truth and My Truth

The Son of Marietta, by Johan Fabricius. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.

The Jew of Rome, by Lion Feuchtwanger. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

If I Have Four Apples, by Josephine Lawrence, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

The Sound Wagon, by T. S. Stribling. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN THE eyes of the Recording Angel a man is never on vacation, morally or any other way. Drunk or sober, asleep or awake, with his hand on the Bible or his tongue in his cheek, he is a continuously responsible person, liable to be brought to book at any moment by a just God. In other words, a man's life—which is an integral thing, no matter how sketchy it looks—is his version of truth. A writer's version is complicated by his consciousness of what he's up to—if he's a novelist, for instance, he always has his tongue in his cheek; if he's Walter Lippmann he always has his hand on the Bible—but even while we are reading his book we know we are looking at a human being, though not as the Recording Angel would. And when we criticize a book we are really criticizing the author.

These four novels are four different versions of the truth, and you may lay to that, no matter how indignantly their authors might deny the charge. Granted that all they were after was to make up a story that had nothing to do with the price of eggs—and few of them would admit that much—they wouldn't like to be considered, any more than they consider themselves, just public entertainers. Take Mr. Johan Fabricius, who has written a great long romance about eighteenth-century Italy. The hero is a picaresque fellow, conceived in sin (his father was a bishop, his mother the daughter of hit-and-run players), who develops rapidly from mischievous kittenhood to full-fledged tom-cattery. When a job of grave-robbing makes his small town too hot to hold him, he prowls off to Venice, and is finally hanged, as even his father might have foreseen.

Mr. Fabricius is a Dutchman who may or may not have heard of "Anthony Adverse"—and "The Son of Marietta," aside from its length, setting and general type, is not really much like it. Let's say, then, that like Flaubert, Mr. Fabricius finds something distasteful in the modern scene. At any rate, something draws him to a foreign time and a foreign country. Some people go back into history to find their own day, but Mr. Fabricius is not so purposeful an exile; he just likes to travel. And what does he find? Well, he finds what he's looking for—lashings of local color, honky-tonk romance, stabbings and duels, assignations, the whole caboodle. It's like a long fancy-dress ball. Things aren't like that nowadays, you know. All right, says Mr. Fabricius, maybe they were that way once upon a time. And that's a quite possible version of the truth. A lot of people like to believe it, at any rate.

Herr Feuchtwanger is the kind that goes abroad to learn more about his own country. He is a Jew, and Jewish writers of the post-Hitler era are understandably obsessed by the idea of being a Jew, by the question of what it means to be one. As the idea and the question are fundamentally religious, many Gentiles find them vicariously fascinating. Herr Feuchtwanger's "The Jew of Rome," a sequel to his "Josephus," is an attempt to unravel one of ries Josephus' story through the height of his career: the reign of his friendly Emperor Titus, who had destroyed the Temple but put Josephus' graven image among the Roman immortals. Herr Feuchtwanger's method (not peculiar to him, but representative of the better historical novelists of today) of revaluing the past by linking it both in parallel and in series to the present, is a version of historical truth worth, to my mind, whole shelves of formal histories.

Miss Josephine Lawrence's books are neat, and, as far as they go, economic. They are not radical in any sense. Her first novel, "Years Are So Long," might have done equally well as a sales talk for an insurance company or propaganda for the New Deal. "If I Have Four Apples" is another speciously compact case history that shows the ruinous moral, social and economic effects of instalment buying. Miss Lawrence's horrible examples are a typical middle-class family who need the wide margin of economic safety only boom times can provide; when depression narrows the margin to nothing they find themselves in the soup, because they have not been taught to admit that two and two are only four. Calvin Coolidge would have applauded this version of truth to the echo; he would have said that was all there was to it. But you and I know, gentle reader (and we suspect that Miss Lawrence knows, too), that this kind of arithmetical sound sense won't get you very far into human mathematics.

Mr. T. S. Stribling has been regarded as not quite a low-brow by the critical boys, and I must admit I shared the general impression, until "The Sound Wagon" came along. As far as I know, it's unlike anything he's done before, and unlike anything an American writer has done. It's a satire, a very keen but extraordinarily unimpassioned satire, on the American scene. Yes, we've had satirists before, but who? Sinclair Lewis? A soured romantic. James Branch Cabell? A polite, pornographic word for a precious fellow. Mencken? A buffoon-Jeremiah. Thornton Wilder? Suspect, thought to be in league with the Church. Robert Nathan? Way down at the bottom of the garden. Ring Lardner? Maybe, but not enough of it. Anyhow, for a parallel to the tone of "The Sound Wagon," you'd have to go to France, perhaps to Anatole, though he was a much tighter writer than Mr. Stribling. "Urbane" was the only word I could think of to describe this tone, but a discerning admirer of Stribling's violently disagreed with me that "The Sound Wagon" could possibly be called urbane. Stribling is really a pulp-writer, he said (he meant it as an affectionate compliment), and pulp-writers are not urbane. Perhaps "unimpassioned" is nearer the mark.

"The Sound Wagon" is a satire of manners and morals, and the people in it are just types; they aren't convincing, any more than their exaggeratedly typical actions or speeches are convincing. But they don't have to be anything more than the straw figures they are; in fact, if they were capable of being mistaken for real people they would detract from the quiet insanity of the scene, which is Mr. Stribling's main point. As it is, they are cock-eyed, and talk and act that way—but not so cock-eyed that you forget who they are or fail to recognize them. The story tells of the career of a reform candidate who got elected (by accident, as he thought) and proceeded from point to point along the primrose path. "When a reform movement elects one of its members to office, that ends it, there is nothing more for it to do . . . the reform has won."

The book is full of crying-out-loud quotable passages.

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going to do. And by the time he could make the deity understand it, he himself had a comprehensive view of the whole matter." Mr. Stribling's current version of truth (the beauty of novels is that they don't have to be definitive) is a funny story. And what's wrong with that version? T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Catholic International

Rome Stoops to Conquer, by E. Boyd Barrett. New York: Julian Messner. 267 pages. $2.75.

THERE are still a few persons left in this world to whom retreat, compromise, the use of opportunistic and Machiavellian methods are abhorrent, and Dr. Barrett is undoubtedly of this minority. The latest of his many powerful attacks against the Society of Jesus and the Catholic Church is called "Rome Stoops to Conquer," the verb being the expression of his indignation. And yet stooping, or (as a great pope once phrased it) "adapting the Church to the genius of nations," is an ancient policy that should not have occasioned pained surprise in a man who had been a Jesuit father for twenty years. The present Pius XI, who in 1929 called Mussolini "the man sent by Providence," referred to the 1931 compromise with him as "dealing with the devil himself." The restoration of the Papal State certainly means the employment of the common diplomatic methods of all nations.

It is not only the international policy of the Church itself, but more particularly the paradoxes of its program in America, that arouse Dr. Barrett. The prediction, made years ago, that America in time would become the decisive battleground of the Catholic faith, is being fulfilled, he says. He finds Catholic action intensified, the Catholic press becoming very powerful, Catholic political activity increasing, and he asks whether the Vatican intends to capture power, to change or modify the Constitution, discard the American ideal of separation of Church and State, and finally provide the established church for this country. He is afraid his worst fears will soon be realities.

To millions of Americans, Catholics and Protestants, who have accepted Al Smith's credo (the absolute denial of the unity of Church and State), Dr. Barrett replies that this is nothing but heresy in the view of Rome, and he interprets the papal encyclical of 1930, "Casti Connubii," and Pius XI's statement on the Vatican-Mussolini pact as the complete repudiation of the American politician. As for Father Coughlin, he is, "like Pius XI . . . anti-labor, anti-Communist and pro-Fascist"; on the other hand, "he constitutes a menace to the status quo"; and, concludes Dr. Barrett, "it is not too much to say that the destiny of the Catholic Church in this country lies in the hands of Father Coughlin. He can make or mar her fortunes for a generation or more." Dr. Barrett is certain that the radio priest is directly supported by the Pope himself.

The most bitter chapter deals with Cardinal O'Connell, and one phrase from it illustrates the tone and caliber of the volume. Dr. Barrett is describing the Cardinal's return to Boston in 1911 with the red hat and the presentation by twenty-five bankers of a check for $25,000. "The Cardinal," he writes, "pocketed the bankers' bribe. From that day . . . to the present he has deserved the name of 'the bankers' bishop.'"

Dr. Barrett exercises the right "to speak our honest thoughts"; his are provocative, controversial, impassioned [illegible] spreading of utter dependency on centralized means of

New Proletarians

The Crisis of the Middle Class, by Lewis Corey. New York: Covici, Friede. 379 pages. $2.50.

COME BOOM, come panic, the people of the United States go on predominantly and profoundly middle-class in nearly all their ways. The official labor movement, as revolutionaries are fond of saying, has long been *embourgeoisé;* the big capitalists defend themselves in the ideology of the old middle class, *i. e.,* in terms of the rights of man and democracy; the *Politik* of the politicians seeks to allay the undirected discontent of this same middle class, as cheaply as possible. Hence Mr. Corey attacks central problems of our society when he examines the changing character of this class today.

The section of society that was ultimately to be distinguished chiefly by the sign of the white collar, has actually had a glamorous history over the last three centuries. An illuminating historical survey, from the perspective of Marx's class theory, takes up the first seven chapters of Lewis Corey's book, and shows us how the middle class made the libertarian revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, overthrew the remnants of monarchical monopoly and feudalism in the American colonies, and fashioned democratic forms of government. But always the Big Bourgeois, the future large-scale capitalist undertakers, moved up behind the hard-fighting middle-class advance troops to possess and exploit the conquered terrain, and to betray the more numerous, less moneyed sections of the middle class.

The aspirations of the Jacobins in France and those of America in the time of Jackson envisaged a millennium of small property holders. In America especially this proximate egalitarianism was intensely felt and near realization a century ago, when four-fifths of the people were small farmers or owners of tools and shops. It still constitutes a living and powerful tradition of democracy and an element of robustness among the "petty bourgeois" masses west of the Alleghenies.

But this eighteenth-century millennium—and all the factual and statistical matter of the concluding half of Corey's work goes to prove it—has now been turned to dust and ashes. An overwhelming majority, four-fifths of the middle class "as usually and broadly defined" (by income or salary quantity and function), has by now been rendered propertyless, demoted, "proletarianized." Adding these recruits to the number of wage-workers, Corey arrives at a proletarian army of 38,750,000, or three-quarters of all the gainfully employed. This counters the claims of Stuart Chase, another craftsman of statistics, that our proletariat is being diminished in numbers and political importance, by the photo-electric cell and other technical devices. But in a sense, both of these competing theorists are right—for the ways of statistics are still wonderful and strange. The number of industrial workers did decline perceptibly between 1922 and 1929; but as Corey shows, the number of service, distributive, "white-collar" workers who are *dependent,* that is, without property or means of production, has increased even more rapidly and more significantly, making for a "new" middle class, which is really a "new" proletariat.

With this narrowing of the capitalist base, this swift

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that our savants of social progress and revolution have been given fresh problems and headaches. Do these flabby-muscled "new" proletarians have the tenacious, heroic fighting spirit and *consciousness of class destiny* that Marx, Engels, Jaurès and Lenin admired in the proletarians of mine and mill? Whether the new recruits will guide the masses to the fascist way or the socialist way turns upon the decisive question of class consciousness in the worker, of the attitude and purpose that spring from his relation to the means and forms of production.

Symptoms like the prairie-fire sweep of the Townsend movement lend us fear. The increasing attention, however, that radical leadership pays to the troubles of the lower-middle classes and making "united front" with them is a point of light.

Lewis Corey's industrious, unacademic compilation of fact and statistics—they are there in impressive, if somewhat indigestible quantity—seen through the class theory has the virtue of leading us to the very heart of our social problem. One could wish that his figures might be "broken down" further, tested, amplified and illustrated in some later "Middletown" or by some enlightened Brookings Institute. (Thus there are instances of doubtful calculation, as that on page 210, where he concludes that "no upward movement in capital-goods industries" can take place. This has actually taken place in the six months since his writing, and forms the basis for most of our present "recovery." But, bless our eyes, it is, according to most accurate reports, a little boom *in labor-saving machinery.*) One could wish finally that Lewis Corey wrote of statistical fact as vividly and lucidly as Stuart Chase, just as one could wish that Chase might reason with the uncompromising logic and intellectual boldness of Corey.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

"The Dark, Satanic Mills"

A Stone Came Rolling, by Fielding Burke. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

SOMEWHERE toward the end of the last decade Olive Tilford Dargan contributed a valedictory poem to a monthly liberal magazine of indefinite audience. The poem was called "Farewell to Literature." Having thus written finish to one literary career, Miss Dargan proceeded to carve another under the name of Fielding Burke. Like her own hill people in North Carolina, she came down from mountain and farm to experience the "dark, satanic mills" in the textile towns.

What chiefly characterized "Call Home the Heart" were its lyrical idealism, its fine soil quality, its sense of the tragic. In other words, Fielding Burke carried over into her fiction the merits of Olive Dargan's poetry, and so contributed to the proletarian novel, whose direction was toward the didactic and the tendentious, elements of the soil and the native folk of which it was badly in need.

In her new novel, "A Stone Came Rolling," the author has carried forward the lives of the protagonists of her earlier book. If these stand forth as somewhat more idealized than in "Call Home the Heart," it may be because the background has become more prosaic; the day-to-day struggles of the workers of Dunmow reveal the monumental quality of Ishma Hensley to less advantage than did her native hills and the passion of Gastonia. On the

It is perhaps a simpler matter to deal with one's enemies than one's friends. Miss Burke, who sees clearly through the neurotic Mrs. Emberson and certain labor misleaders of the textile workers, is yet at a loss how to dispose of the sympathetic mill owner, Bly, or Ishma's husband, Britt, or the radical, Dr. Derry Unthank. Both Bly's suicide and the murder of Britt at a union meeting seem fortuitous, more calculated to get them out of the novel's way than to convince the reader of the inevitability of their deaths; Derry Unthank, realizable enough in "Call Home the Heart," dwindles to a shadowy lover of Ishma in the present volume.

What marks "A Stone Came Rolling" as an advance over Fielding Burke's previous novel is a firmer grasp of the contradictions inherent in the society she is portraying, and particularly of the part played by religion in the labor struggles of the South. "A Stone Came Rolling" shows us not only how the mill owner is caught in the same economic snare as his workers; it reveals the peculiar difficulties that confront Southern labor in its struggle for organization.

EDWIN SEAVER.

Scientific Report

Factory, Family and Woman in the Soviet Union, by Susan M. Kingsbury and Mildred Fairchild. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 369 pages. $3.50.

IT HAS become a fashionable boast to say you are going to the Soviet Union and you are not going to write a book about it. The boast has frequently proved vain. Something about that country compels even the casual tripper to go into print on his return and tell his friends about the strange and challenging things he has seen.

But along with these casual trippers—all too frequently superficial and writing without sufficient understanding—the Soviet society seems to be luring our best scientists. Medical men, psychiatrists, students, teachers, economists, chemists, engineers and social workers have contributed specialized studies describing the effects in their field of this new social order. And the scientists' books have proven more scientific and more convincing, and have frequently shown better reporting, than the journalists' or trained travelers' tales.

This book is an example. Carefully collected and scientifically sifted material on workers' conditions, incentives and rewards, trade-union organization, housing, education, the family, the home, collective farming and standards of living has been presented in a lively, informative and interesting manner. The authors, both women professors, are to be congratulated on their style, on not allowing their figures and their wealth of scientific data to clutter up or veil the importance of data and figures.

The status of woman is the chief interest of the authors in this book; they show how the new dispensation affects women in everything they do and think and feel. They show how the life of women has changed, and with it women's reactions, and men's reactions and attitude toward women. Being honest students, they studied the meaning of dialectics and, while not giving a dry lecture on it, they inform all their explanations with an understanding of its meaning. They show that the inability to bargain no longer keeps weaker groups in the community weaker; welfare no longer depends on the struggle to attain it. They show [illegible] of the family. They show how the old

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taken on an entirely different content, purpose and function now.

It is often felt that in Western countries also women are progressing, entering public life in large numbers, doing away with the unfreedom of centuries. Drs. Fairchild and Kingsbury, admitting this, nevertheless show that the basis of women's freedom, having been established economically in Soviet Russia, gives them a very different life and outlook from that of even the freest women in our society.

The book will answer, in its scholarly and tolerant fashion, the fears of those who feel that the introduction of any kind of privileges will be a wedge for the "bad old" days. The authors' integrity has resulted in sharply penetrating insight:

> A motivation has grown up [the authors explain], social in its form and content, but as materialistic in its basis as the individualistic wage incentive of the American. Careerism and bureaucracy may enter at many points to blur the picture but, in general, the Russian worker must drag his class after him if he wants to lift his social and economic status. Moreover, as that class grows steadily and rapidly larger with industrialization, the circle of the privileged groups continually extends. Class and national advantage have become under the present system, therefore, inseparably tied to the individual's material needs.

ELLA WINTER.

Rockwell Kent's Best

Salamina, by Rockwell Kent. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 355 pages, illustrated. $3.75.

ROCKWELL KENT has become something of a Yuletide institution. In the season just past, his generously illustrated new book on Greenland life must have seen a lot of Christmas wrapping. There is much in the first part of the book in the way of hard-worked charm and rhapsodies to nature, Infinity, the Universal and God, to suggest that Kent, whenever he began the book, was conscious of the season for which it was intended; but in the latter part of the book the intention, fortunately, seems to have been forgotten.

It is the pictures, of course, that make it the gift book. These are in what may, not unfairly, be called the Kent tradition. Kent's drawings, I feel, are as much underrated by the cognoscenti as they are overrated by gift-book buyers. They have what looks to me like an incurable stiff-jointedness; but their decorative quality is undeniable.

In the writing, Melville's influence is evident. There is a great deal of rhetoric and a great deal of it is bad, especially in the first part of the book, where the wild wastes of descriptive writing equal anything to be found on the spot in Greenland, so far as wild waste is concerned. Striking phrases are frequently ruined by elaboration. A perfectly sufficient word, for example, like "snoring," is loaded with unnecessary and weakening modifiers.

But as the book continues, it settles down to a more direct account of Greenland life, to an account of how 15,000 Eskimos and half-breeds live while hunting and fishing, and how they provide several hundred Danish officials and traders with livings better than these Danes could win at home. Then the book improves till it becomes quite a good book, unusually good near the end where the names

Books in Brief

The Angel of the Assassination: Charlotte de Corday, by Joseph Shearing. New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 348 pages. $2.75.

THIS STUDY of "three disciples of Jean Jacques Rousseau" is a triptych in words. In the central panel, the republican heroine (with nimbus); on one side, for contrast, the dark, repulsive tyrant she killed; on the other, a golden-haired young German champion, Adam Lux, who from admiration for her deed sacrificed his own life. The pattern, one gathers from the text, is not the author's choice; it was imposed upon him by Rousseau, whose doctrines linked those three figures in "their destruction and immortality." What Mr. Shearing gives us is really a superior kind of *petite histoire*, a genre of writing that holds great appeal for novelists. It is informal, gossipy, always interesting, often moving, and frequently inaccurate and devoid of understanding where it touches upon the events of the Revolution. The author is easily at his best with his angel; when he is counsel for the defense, he is alert, keen and just, even when it seems to hurt. L. G.

Journey into Freedom, by Klaus Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In reading "Journey into Freedom" it is difficult not to remember that at Klaus Mann's age his father had written "Buddenbrooks," a fact inevitably to the disadvantage of the son. But considered in itself, or beside the work of most thirty-year-old American writers, the novel, for all its implicit questionings, its disturbing inconclusiveness, is solid and promising. It is the story of a girl exile from Nazi Germany forced to flee into Finland, where, with

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the double motive of the landscape and a swift falling in love, she is removed from her own world of strife and responsibility into a remote and unreal dream place where night never falls. The story ends after a further flight toward the Arctic, now with her lover, and the final rejection of the dream for a not-quite-convincing return to her political duties. The novel implies a more striking dramatic contrast than Mann actually presents between the realistic mood of the world left behind and the lyrical mood of the world in which the heroine tries to submerge herself.

M. S.

Seven League Boots, by Richard Halliburton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 417 pages. $3.50.

Mr. Halliburton, who is America's Rover Boy No. 1, recounts here some travel experiences in a manner designed to awe naïve readers and, possibly, Mr. Halliburton himself. His search for enough material to make this book took him to more than a dozen countries, including the Soviet Union, where he arrived just in time to hear the low-down on the Romanov executions; Arabia, where he arrived just in time to ask ineffectual questions of Ibn Saud; Ethiopia, where he arrived just in time to dine with Haile Selassie. He went the Dare Boys one better by hiring himself an elephant, a man to manage it, a chauffeur and a truck to lug his shirts and things, and by following the tracks of Hannibal across the Alps. Seated on the elephant (long enough, at least, to pose for eight photographs), our hero and his retinue drew large flocks of children and big headlines in "every newspaper from the Alps to Sicily." Kids under and over fourteen may find this book entertaining; it has lots of pictures.

J. M.

Contributors

LLOYD K. GARRISON is Dean of the University of Wisconsin Law School. He served as the first chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in 1934. During 1930-32, under the direction of the Solicitor General, he conducted a nationwide investigation of the bankruptcy law and drafted remedial legislation.

ANTHONY G. SOLAR now lives in Florida, where he reports Cuban events for American newspapers. He was formerly chief editorial writer and part owner of the newspaper, La Voz, in Havana.

FRANK NORRIS, an associate editor of Time, writes a monthly column on popular music for Town and Country. He is also a director of the United Hot Clubs of America.

JOHN HERLING, a New York newspaperman, is executive secretary of the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, which has aided in the struggles of the share-croppers for organization.

VALENTINE ACKLAND, an English poet, is co-author with Sylvia Townsend Warner of a collection of verse, "Whether a Dove or a Seagull."

GEORGE SELDES is the author, among other books, of "The Vatican: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" and a biography of Mussolini, "Sawdust Caesar."

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON now lives on a farm in Connecticut, where he is working on a new book.

EDWIN SEAVER, author of "The Company," recently resigned as editor of Soviet Russia Today to join the editorial staff of the new Sunday Worker.

ELLA WINTER formerly taught in the London School of Economics. She is the author of "Red Virtue," a book on Soviet manners and morals.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER's most recent book is a novel, "From the Kingdom of Necessity."

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Leo Gershoy, Mark Schorer and Jerre Mangione.

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